

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLVII. }

No. 2090.—July 12, 1884.

} From Beginning,
Vol. CLXII. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> ,	67
II. MITCHELHURST PLACE. Part II.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	85
III. WHAT DO THE IRISH READ?	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	94
IV. MAGDA'S COW,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	101
V. IN A GREEK FAMILY TO-DAY,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	110
VI. CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS,	<i>Golden Hours</i> ,	117
VII. THE IRISH "CORONATION STONE,"	<i>Spectator</i> ,	122
VIII. CONQUEST AND CHARACTER,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	126

POETRY.

MONT BLANC REVISITED,	66	A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY,	66
IN SPRING,	66		

MISCELLANY,	128
-----------------------	-----



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

MONT BLANC REVISITED.

Oh, Mount beloved! mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire;
Oh, Mount beloved! thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste,
And reverent desire.

They meet me midst thy shadows cold,—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amidst the desert found;
Such gladness as in Him they felt,
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Oh! happy if his will were so,
To give me manna here for snow;
And, by the torrent side,
To lead me as he leads his flocks
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
In peace untrifled.

Since from the things that trustful rest,
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den:
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than he can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas, for man! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
But still rejects and raves;
That all God's love can hardly win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
In wrath, of old, the Mount of God,
Forget the thousands left;
Lest haply, when I seek his face,
The whirlwind of the cave replace
The glory of the left.

But teach me, God, a milder thought!
Lest I, of all thy blood, has bought,
Least honorable be;
And this that moves me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them
Than jealousy for thee.

Golden Hours.

IN SPRING.

WHERE are you, dear, this sweet spring day, I
wonder?
You cannot lie there in that lonely tomb,
Beneath the hills ablaze with gorse, where
sunshine
Doth kiss away drear winter's frown and
gloom;
You cannot sleep there, silently unheeding
The pulse of life that's throbbing through
the world—
The rush of life that thrills through every
flower,
That close beside you in the earth lies
furled!

Come back once more with springtime, hear
the singing

That stirs the branches o'er your silent bed;
Each thrush, each blackbird, calls you in the
morning,

That wakes to bless me, even though you're
dead.

No, no, you cannot be so dead, my dearest;
You were so full of life, and love, and glee;
Where are you now when each dead thing is
rising

From out the dark that lies 'twixt you and
me?

Ah, can it be that you are only silent,
That something bids you stand aside awhile,
That you long to speak as I long for your
presence,

As I yearn to see once more your sweet,
bright smile?

That why I think of you this lovely morning
With longing that my heart must ever know,
Is because you stand beside me as I'm dream-
ing

Of days that were before death laid you low?

Yet as the world is waking from its slumbers,
Will you not rise and come to me, my dear?
For oh, you must remember that I loved you,
With such a love that I could know no fear.
Ah me! the earth has springtides without num-
ber,

Her lovely race is in a circle run;
Each year has its own spring; 'tis only mortals,
Who love and lose so much, that have but
one!

All The Year Round.

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

FAIR creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet guileless fay,
Whence flittest thou, from what bright world
of flowers,
This summer day?

What quiet Eden of melodious song,
What wild retreat,
Desertest thou for this impatient throng,
This crowded street?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove
And meadows green?
What Fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through this strange scene?

Have nectared roses lost their power to gain
Thy fond caress?
Do woodbine blooms, with lofty scorn, dis-
dain
Thy loveliness?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air
And liberty!
The city is the home of toil and care—
No place for thee!

Chambers' Journal. EDWIN C. SMALES.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.*

THAT the whole vast expanse of the southern Pacific Archipelago, with all its island worlds, from the tropical luxuriance of New Guinea and the Polynesian groups, down to the extremest glacier-capped peaks of New Zealand and the ice-belted volcanoes of Antarctic desolation, is portion and parcel of our own destined inheritance, as a field for British enterprise and a mart for British trade, is what must now no longer be regarded as a theory, a prophecy, an anticipation, but an actual fact, already half accomplished, soon to be entirely so. This truth, long since apprehended by navigators and colonists, at first vaguely, then with increasing distinctness of outline, has indeed hitherto found but imperfect acceptance in the home-staying English mind, by which it has been either neglectfully disregarded, or viewed with somewhat of suspicion, or even dislike. Now at last boldly formulated in ministerial ears by the manifesto of the great Sydney Conference a few months since, it has crystallized into an axiom, henceforth to be accepted, welcome or unwelcome, not by ourselves only, but by all the colonizers whatever of the civilized world, Old or New. We may, if we choose, regret it; we may, in company with the pseudo-philanthropists, decry it, protest against it; we cannot disclaim nor abolish its reality, fast growing into complete accomplishment.

Such considerations as these create a new interest in the vast and fair archipelago, which links south-eastern Asia with our own Australasian colonies. The shores and islands, which formed the furthest limit of ancient geography, have now become, in the course of modern enterprise, a chief gateway to the Pacific. Nor is their interest less for the sake of their own varied beauty. Artist, naturalist, ethnologist, lover of scenery, lover of science, the searcher after knowledge, the pursuer after mere pleasure, have each and all ample space and marge enough in

this fairy region. Earth has no lovelier panorama to display, no realm more favored with her choicest gifts, none more lovely to sight, more precious to the having. Land and sea, climate and sky, all unite to charm; human nature itself, flawed and incomplete as it everywhere is, here wears a gentler and almost attractive aspect; here, if anywhere, is the Golden Region of the earth.

Two ladies, each a writer of well-earned fame both for accuracy of delineation and brilliancy of local coloring, have done their best, in the works the titles of which head this article, to make us in some measure familiar with these "Fortunate Islands" of the East; Miss Bird, now Mrs. Bishop, for the Malay Peninsula, and Mrs. Bridges for the wonderful, and in some respects unique, island of Java. If their writings be supplemented, as they should be, by Mr. Burbidge's valuable but more specialistic "Gardens of the Sun," a work principally concerned with the varied flora of Borneo, and by the older and more substantial researches of Mr. A. Wallace, co-extensive with the totality of the southern Malayan Archipelago from Sumatra to New Guinea, and lastly by those of Mr. F. Jagor in the Philippines, an idea—faint and incomplete, doubtless, as all book-derived ideas of places and men necessarily are, yet sufficiently correct in the main—may be formed even by the fireside Englishman of these equatorial portals of the Pacific.

True, no pages read, no pictures or photographs studied, can adequately image forth to the mind that beauty of landscape and detail, compared with the reality of which Spenser's fancied "bower of bliss" would show as a rough-grown shrubbery. Yet we will, at whatever risk of failure, ourselves attempt the task of description, and pass in review the principal lands and waters that combine to make up this wonderful landscape from west to east; in hopes thus also to convey, if only incidentally, some notion of the degree in which British energy has already impressed its own peculiar mark on those regions, and of the possession which destiny seems to reserve to our

* 1. *The Golden Chersonese*. By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). London, 1883.

2. *The Journal of a Lady's Travels round the World*. By F. D. Bridges. London, 1883.

national flag on the Malayan coasts and in the China Sea. In doing this we will, for the lands of their special experience, avail ourselves so far as may be of our authoresses' companionship; while regretting that the limitations of their tours must needs deprive us of their pleasant society somewhat early in our survey.

To the voyager eastward-bound, whose latest land horizon showed the fading outlines of Ceylon or the low sameness of the Coromandel coast, the first glimpses of the Malayan Peninsula and the island of Penang open out a wholly new world. Not only do the peaked hills and wooded shores of Malaysia display, in their rapid and infinite variety of outline and coloring, a brilliancy unknown to the dusky uniformities of Hindoostan; but a livelier air, a purer sky, a calmer sea, announce a happier climate, a more favored region, than the one left behind. The vegetation too, in all its ceaseless diversity of growth, leaf, and flower, of pillared forest tree, clustering orchid, and delicate fern, justifies the predilection of the botanist; while the bright birds of infinite modifications in shape and hue, culminating in the unrivalled birds of paradise, and the metallic splendors of huge butterflies and burnished insects of myriad form, attract the naturalist. More noteworthy, however, than all the rest is the difference of that which, as the Arab proverb has it, truly constitutes a country, namely the inhabitants. Very new to the voyager from the West are the swarms of yellow-complexioned, long-haired, smooth-skinned, strongly-built Chinese boatmen or coolies, who in quaint *sampans*, — broad, spoon-like, shallow, sharp-prowed boats, good alike for draught and speed, — gather round the yet scarcely anchored ship; in number at least a half, in vigor and activity a much larger quota, of the floating harbor life. New also are the Malay shore-boats, with their composed, silent, smooth-faced, ruddy-brown-skinned crews, not very eager after gain, certainly indifferent to loss of time or even labor. Great indeed is the contrast between these rowing or sailing-boats, and our old Indian acquaintances, not unrepresented even here, of the catamaran model, long,

black boats, outriggered, and manned, as one might think, by a lot of overgrown black spiders, so long, so lank, so "laid-lie" are the crew, as with shriek and gesticulation they crowd about the newly arrived steamer. Lastly, European-built craft of every calibre and rig, steam or sail, of every European merchant service, the Russian perhaps alone unrepresented, are nothing new, except for their dense crowding, continual movement, and truly cosmopolitan variety of ownership and flag, among which again the yellow dragon ensign of China holds a conspicuous place.

But it is on quitting our watery station for the well-ordered quay and busy streets beyond that we may best observe the strange medley of human components, much the same essentially, though with some local differences of proportion and kind, throughout the entire western and central Archipelago, that makes up the population and life of these regions. And first, though sometimes more rarely in number, everywhere and always in importance, are the Chinese colonists; who have of late assumed a position, not merely of predominance over all Asiatic competitors, indigenous or foreign, but of actual rivalry to the European lords of trade themselves, even the British; since it is under the singular liberality of British rule that the amazing energy, the untiring diligence, the intelligent perseverance of the Chinese, have attained their fullest development.

Of this the principal cause is to be found in the peculiarities of the Chinese character itself: at once the surest, the easiest, and the most profitable one of all others to deal with by a just, firm, and liberal administration. To a physical strength and endurance, proof against the enervating influences of a tropical climate; to an intellectual energy and perseverance, not to be foiled by difficulty, nor baffled by the antipathies of hostile prejudice or the thwartings of almost prohibitive legislations; to an acuteness and skill adapting itself alike to the highest as to the lowest occupation, penetrating everywhere, everywhere appropriating each vacant berth or creating new ones, the Chinese have added three special characteristics, by the

union of which is laid the deepest, the surest foundation of lasting success. The first, that no race of men, after all necessary allowance made for individual exceptions and rascaldoms, has so thoroughly understood, so consistently practised, the doctrine that "honesty is the best policy," true dealing more profitable than knavery. The second is, that of all Asiatics, from the Bosphorus to the far eastern sea, they have best appreciated, most consistently exemplified, whatever can rightly be called "manly" in precept and practice, as opposed to "brutal" on the one hand and to "effete" on the other. But the third, and most notable characteristic of these men, is their almost instinctive tendency to self-organization, and their capacity for it, with its direct consequences of mutual assistance, support, and preservation.

Under the shelter of British law and justice, more even than elsewhere, these "Celestials" have so multiplied in numbers, so pushed forward in action throughout Malaysia, that their pre-eminence, most marked, as is natural with an essentially commercial race, in the ports and along the seaboard, is scarcely less absolute inland, wherever mines have to be worked, new forms of agriculture or planting introduced, or factories erected and put to use. As working engineer, superintendent or laborer of land, handicraftsman, carpenter, upholsterer, tailor, builder, mason, butcher, baker, and so on through all occupations where bodily strength and manual skill have to be combined with intelligence, the Chinaman has, in east Asia at least, no equal; without him not one of these occupations but would come to a woful standstill throughout Malaysia. Worse off yet in his absence would the European settler be for house-servants, gardeners, cooks, writers, copyists, accountants, and the rest. Chinese too are the best washermen, coachmen, and grooms, though not without Hindoo competitors in the first, Malay in the two last of these avocations. And, by a necessary consequence, wherever the British flag announces protection and even-handed justice to all, the resident population is, numerically taken, generally half, often more than half Chinese; in importance

and wealth three-fourths would be nearer the mark. Lastly — and it is a matter of far-reaching importance — the Chinaman habitually shows himself much more truly "liberal" or, if you will, less narrowly-mindedly conservative, than the average European, in respect of intermarriage with those amongst whom he comes to reside as colonist. While the European, and especially the British or German settler, almost invariably refuses the honor, or more truly the justice, of legal marriage to the "native" woman his partner, and by so doing condemns their joint offspring to the discredit of bastardy, and all the disadvantages in life consequent on that stigma, the Chinaman at once and frankly raises his Malay, Siamese, or Cambodian helpmate to the full rank of wife, treats and honors her as such, and bestows on her children every advantage that acknowledged legitimacy, backed by strong parental affection, can confer. To this procedure must be in great measure attributed both the widespread influence of the Chinese in the lands of their colonization, and the rapid growth of their colonies themselves; the Chinese element predominating almost always in intermarriage, both physically and mentally, over the other, and even tending to absorb it altogether; while the children, a few unlucky good-for-nothings excepted, adopt regularly and as a matter of course the paternal fashions of dress, food, habitation, and so on; merging every other antecedent in the paternal nationality.

Leaving now the Chinese, we turn to the race, prior in birthright, though only second in importance throughout the Archipelago from Penang to Manila, the Malay; a race practically, if not strictly and absolutely, indigenous to the region, and furnishing two-thirds at least of its "colored" inhabitants. Here we find a generic similarity in essentials, shaded off, however, into marked local diversities of body and mind, of usages and religion. Firstly, we have the Malays proper, so to speak, that is the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, the Golden Chersonese of Ptolemy and Miss Bird; those again of Sumatra, and, in a large majority, those of

the seacoasts of Borneo, and of many among the adjacent islands. All these are, almost without exception, Mahometans. Next to these, but greatly outnumbering them, are the Dyak Malays, and other semi-savage inhabitants of inner Borneo, Celebes, and other islands, east and south, beside the Javanese, who alone muster near four-and-twenty millions, the natives of the great Philippine group, misnamed "Indians," and, in general, the various sub-tribes, Sasaks, Bugis, Bantaks, Cajelis, and a score or two more, who tenant the entire Malayan Archipelago, up to its Papuan or New Guinea verge. Among these, Malays of ethnology though not always of popular designation, the Javanese, and many of the coast-dwellers everywhere, are, laxly enough, Mahometans; the Philippine "Indians," three-fourths Christian; the Sooloo, and other piratical sea-sharks, Mahometan; the rest "pagans," so far as a religion which seems restricted to very simple propitiatory rites, offered for the most part to local "powers," "spirits," or deceased ancestors, but with no definite mythology, creed, hierarchy, sacred writings, or even temples, may be stigmatized by the name of paganism. But all, however diversified by discrepancies, sometimes strongly marked, oftener slight, of features, complexion, type, dialect, or habit, are essentially the same, true branches of the one Malayan stock, itself an offshoot, however modified by time, climate, and circumstances, of the great Mongolo-Turanian tree.

Few travellers of our own time, certainly no sane European resident in Malaysia, will now endorse the antiquated though widely diffused estimate of the Malay character, as judged by navigators and adventurers of old times among these seas; men whose acquaintance with the "natives" was almost exclusively limited to the mongrel crews of Portuguese, Arab, Chinese, and Malay admixture, whose piratical savagery has left its bloody record on more than one strait or island in the Archipelago. Hence too the stereotyped epithets of "treacherous," "blood-thirsty," and the like; most absurd if applied to the Malay of current fact and daily life. On the contrary, in describing the Malays—the average of course—as "gentle, honest, honorable," and so forth, Miss Bird does but confirm the verdict already pronounced by Wallace, St. John, Rajah Brooke, and every other well-informed and judicious observer of these countries. Courtesy solidly based on self-

respect, and on respect for others, is the distinctive note of Malay demeanor, whether among themselves, or towards strangers; their general manner, though with no trace of sullenness about it, is reserved, taciturn, averse from practical jokes and horse-play, but calm, contented, and even cheerful. Their intellect is uninventive, and is best described as small but well-balanced, clear within its somewhat narrow range of view, but unreceptive, except gradually and little by little; their memory singularly retentive, alike for good and ill, for gratitude and for revenge; their sensitiveness on points of honor, exceeding that not only of most Europeans, but even of the Japanese. Fishing, and small-craft carrying trade along the coast, and agriculture, chiefly rice-planting, in the uplands, hunting, after a fashion, gardening, and metallurgy, are their favorite pursuits; in mechanics they are nowhere, in trade and business they rarely rise above mere pedlary or desk-clerkship; as watchmen and grooms they rank with the first, which is not saying much, among east Asiatics. As a nationality they hold their own, and, under whatever rule or supremacy, are likely to hold it; and their advance in prosperity and culture, though slow, is real and steady. Their greatest disadvantage consists in their too frequent adoption of Islam; a system of all others most adverse to human welfare, most blighting to culture, art, and whatever makes life worth the living. Though of comparatively recent introduction among the Malays, its venom has already in many districts, though happily not in all, penetrated below the surface, hardening their chiefships into tyrannies, and palsying the populations into premature decrepitude, with little hope of rejuvenescence and recovery.

A few of the wealthier Malays, at the head of whom figures our *protégé*, the maharajah of Johore, have to a certain extent adopted European customs and ways, with questionable advantage. But far the greater number remain faithful to their national dress, one of singular elegance and decency, to their national house architecture, simple, commodious, and well adapted to the climate and surroundings, and to their other ancestral usages, of which, though on æsthetic grounds merely, the habit of betel-chewing may be considered objectionable. Amenable to law and government, cautious, conservative, methodical, and, when not overweighed by the Islamic incubus, reasonably progressive, they form a good, if

somewhat thin, substratum for trade and labor, not out of keeping with their equatorial inheritance of calm seas and monotonous fertility of land.

Other components are not wanting to the many figure-groups that give life and diversity to the terraqueous landscape; types and nationalities less dominantly represented, yet each with its own significance and interest.

Most widely diffused among the business centres of the archipelago, are the "Bombay" merchants, so called because natives for the most part of western Hindoostan and of the town of Surat, near Bombay, in particular; though not rarely hailing from lower Bengal and Orissa. Shifty and litigious, half merchants, half stock-brokers, three-parts usurers, and wholly liars, they play a prominent, though rarely a respectable part in the trading ventures of the great Malayan market. Their decidedly intelligent, often handsome features, their voluminous muslin turbans, and gay, if somewhat flimsy, robes, put them in marked opposition to the prevalent plainness of Chinese or Malay faces and simplicity of costume; their characteristics, intellectual and moral, afford an even stronger contrast.

More gorgeous yet in apparel, and announced from a distance alike by the precursive odors of musk, their favorite perfume, and by the glitter of brass-gold thread and imitative brilliants, are the "Arab" merchants; very crows in peacock feathers, sallow, dusky, lean, rapacious-looking fellows, the scum of the Yemen bazaars, mongrels by race, pretentious, grasping, unscrupulous, and fanatical to boot; an evil and occasionally a dangerous influence among the Mahometan Malays. Sumatra is their great muster-point; but the Sooloo Islands and wherever else piracy was, or yet is, the order of the day, are their favorite centres.

Of the Europeans, indwellers or sojourners in Malaysia, from the ambiguous Portuguese up to the exclusive Briton, we need not here speak at length. Few in actual numbers, and much more apparent in their effects than in their persons, their presence, but for occasional white forts, tall flag-staffs, and showy residences, would be on shore almost unmarked; though in the sea-view of our panorama their ships, and above all their steamers, would be prominent everywhere.

Such are the principal, though by no means the only actors in the life drama of the Malaysian stage. We will now resume our survey of the stage itself.

Of all the harbors on the western side of the Malay Peninsula, none is so pleasant in aspect, so happy in climate, as the narrow sea channel between island and mainland that forms the harbor of Penang. It is a kind of equatorial Dardanelles, but with much loftier and more varied outline of heights on either hand than the Hellespontic; densely wooded too, with all the glossy, large-leaved diversity of tropical growth, from the fringe of betel-palm, cocoanut, and palmetto, along the glistening beach, up to the very summit of the jagged peaks three thousand feet above, while in front sparkles the calm of a lake-like sea. If we visit the town itself, by name Georgetown, and capital of the island and adjacent district, we shall find it a fair sample of a European settlement in the tropical East, or, it might be more correct to say, of a European nucleus, giving consistency and character to an Asiatic settlement which has grown up around it. Separately taken, the white-plastered or bamboo-constructed dwelling-houses are, in a great majority, Chinese, Malay, or Hindoo; so are also the shed-like mosques, or brick-built temple shrines — very gay in color and quaint in outline and detail are some of the latter — jotted along the streets or about the gardens; but the trim neatness of the well-metalled roads, the symmetry of the streets, the cleanly and well-aired market-places, the little fort, the Council House, the gaol, and, at intervals, one or more of those delightful residences in which whoever has once dwelt, will long and regretfully remember when prisoned in the heavy discomfort of an ordinary English house, while he contrasts its narrow stair-flights and cell-like rooms with the cheerful verandas, the wide spaciousness, and the easy freedom of the Anglo-Indian, no less than of the West-Indian bungalow — all these attest British presence and British rule, the rule of law, the shelter of justice, the assurance of thriving peace.

But if, escaping from the heat and glare of the town, we drive out to visit the country beyond, we first pass the belt, often two or three miles in depth, of gardens and orchard plots; a mingled undergrowth of orange-trees, mangosteen, pomelo, banana, and fifty more delicious fruits, unknown to less favored lands, intermingled with gourds, sweet potatoes, melons, yams, and many other succulent but somewhat vapid vegetables, overshadowed by betel-palms, cocoanut, jack-trees, bread fruit, and, loftiest in height as unri-

valled in excellence of flavored fruit, the royal durian. Entering the jungle beyond, we find ourselves in a region of beautiful and luxuriant life, compared with which Ceylon is sterile, and Brazil or Guiana barren. Description of scenery is Miss Bird's forte; so we will avail ourselves of what she tells us regarding her own visit to the immediate neighborhood of the town of Malacca, premising only that, with little local variation, the picture given might serve for almost any suburban scene in southern Siam, Borneo, Java, or the Philippines, and yet in plain fact falls short of the loveliness of any of them all.

As we drove out of the town the houses became fewer and the trees denser, with mosques here and there amongst them; and in a few minutes we were in the great dark forest of coco, betel, and sago palms, awfully solemn and impressive in the hot stillness of the afternoon. These forests are intersected by narrow turbid streams, up which you can go in a canoe, overshadowed by the "nipah," a species of stemless palm, of which the poorer natives make their houses, and whose magnificent fronds are often from twenty to twenty-two feet long.

An endless entanglement of leafage, undreamed of by Ruskin himself, the delicate adornment of lace-like or gigantic ferns, spreading palmettos, exquisitely graceful frouds, some dark green in color, some verging on yellow, of plummy bamboo, glossy orchids, and whatever fantastic undergrowth rich soil, copious moisture, and steady warmth of air, can give birth to, should in description be here interwoven into the canal fringe, and not seldom overarch the stream from side to side. How often have we glided ten, twelve, fifteen continuous miles amid such a labyrinth, by sun and shade, from beauty to beauty, as though some exquisite sonata of Mozart's had been metamorphosed into living nature, and hearing into sensation and sight! But, to rejoin Miss Bird:—

The soft carriage-road passes through an avenue of trees of great girth and a huge spread of foliage, bearing glorious yellow blossoms of delicious fragrance. Jungles of sugarcane often form the foreground of dense masses of palms, then a tangle of pineapples, then a mass of limes, knotted and tangled, with stems like great cables, and red blossoms as large as breakfast cups. The huge trees which border the road have their trunks and branches nearly hidden by orchids and epiphytes, chiefly that lovely and delicate one whose likeness to a hovering dove has won for it the name of the "flower of the Holy

Ghost," an orchid that lives but for a day, but in its brief life fills the air with fragrance. Then the trees change; the long tresses of an autumn flowering orchid fall from their branches over the road; dead trees appear transformed into living beauty by multitudes of ferns, among which the dark-green shining fronds of the *Asplenium nidus* [we trust Miss Bird is well assured in her scientific nomenclature] measuring four feet in length, especially delight the eye; huge tamarinds and mimosa add their feathery foliage; the banana unfolds its gigantic leaves above its golden fruit; clumps of areca palms, with their slender arrowy-strait shafts, make the coco-palms look like clumsy giants; the gutta-percha, india-rubber, and other varieties of *ficus*, increase the forest gloom by the brown velvety undersides of their shining dark-green foliage; then comes the cashew-nut tree, with its immense spread of branches and its fruit, an apple with a nut below, and the beautiful breadfruit, with its green "cantalupe melons," nearly ripe, and the gigantic jack-fruit and durian, and fifty others, children of tropic heat and moisture, in all the promise of perpetual spring and the fulfilment of endless summer, the beauty of blossom and the bounteousness of an un-failing fruit-crop, crowning them through all the year. At their feet is a tangle of broad fungi, velvety mosses, ferns, trailers, lilies, lotus, reeds, canes, rattan, a dense and lavish undergrowth, etc.

A glimpse this, and no more, of a flora even yet, we believe, to a great extent uninvestigated by fully qualified adventure, unclassified by botanical science. Nor are the birds of Malaysia unworthy of its woods. For the wonderful "birds of paradise" dispersed throughout the southern and eastern archipelago, but whose choicest *habitat* or metropolis, so to speak, is in the Aru Islands, off New Guinea, their great specialist, Mr. A. Wallace, should be consulted; but for the more ordinary feathered denizens of the Golden Gates, Miss Bird's list, drawn up by her in reference to the Malay Peninsula, but in matter of fact adapted to the whole of Malaysia, may be safely quoted:

Sunbirds [so begins the catalogue] rival the flashing colors of the humming-birds in the jungle openings; kingfishers of large size and brilliant blue plumage make the river-banks gay; shrieking parrots with coral-colored beaks and tender green feathers abound in the forest; great heavy-billed hornbills hop cursorily from bough to bough; the Javanese peacock, with its gorgeous tail, and neck covered with iridescent green, moves majestically along the jungle tracks, together with the ocellated pheasant, the handsome and high-couraged jungle cock, and the glorious Argus pheasant,—

to which may be added many sub-varieties

of the above-named kinds, nor least, though strangely overlooked by Miss Bird, the glorious oriole, and the large cobalt-blue jay, both frequent as thrushes or blackbirds in English hedges; besides birds of prey innumerable; and, to glad the sportsman's soul, wild duck, teal, snipe, a jet black jungle fowl, nearly related, we believe, to a northern kinsman in the Scottish blackcock; plover too, quails, speckled partridge, and others well worth the shot; among which we have breakfasted, dined, and supped, with our gun for sole provider, for days together. Birds of song too, and birds of mimicry, not a few; and, amid the coast crags, the swallow architect of gelatinous nests, worthy of their epicurean fame. Malaysia is a paradise of birds.

Insects, as might be expected, are even more numerous and diversified, though some of them, white ants and mosquitoes for instance, might well be dispensed with. Not so the glorious Atlas moth, measuring nigh a foot across the expanded wings, and all the butterfly train, amongst whom Miss Bird noticed

one with the upper part of its body and the upper side of its wings jet black velvet, blue spotted; another of the same make, but with gold instead of blue; and a third with cerise spots, the lower part of its body cerise, and the under side of the wings white with cerise spots. All these measured full five inches across their expanded wings. In one opening only I counted thirty-seven varieties of these brilliant creatures, not in hundreds but in thousands, mixed up with blue and crimson dragonflies, and others iridescent, etc.

To these should be added such marvels of form and color as Wallace's Ornithoptera, with its

ground color of a rich shiny bronzy black, the lower wings delicately grained with white, and bordered by a row of large spots of the most brilliant satiny yellow. The body was marked with shaded spots of white, yellow, and fiery orange, while the head and thorax were intense black. On the under side the lower wings were satiny white, with the marginal spots half black and half yellow;

the great calliper butterfly; beetles marvellous in form, and gem-like in metallic lustre; and myriads of fireflies, varying in size and brilliancy, that on a damp and cloudy night especially make such show as if the stars, impatient of the misty veil drawn across them in heaven, had come down to display themselves in mazy dances on earth. For the larger fauna of Malaysia, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, the lovely black panther, the buffalo,

monkeys of all kinds, from the hideous orang-utan, or "mias," downwards or upwards; deer, wild hog, tapir, porcupine, alligators, dugongs, lizards great and small, and a long list besides, we must for want of space, content ourselves with a general reference to what Miss Bird, according to her opportunities, and those professed naturalists who have in some measure explored these regions, have supplied in their writings.

And now, having thus sketched out, in the slightest of outlines and faintest of coloring, the prevalent life, whether human, animal, or vegetable, throughout this vast landscape, let us embark on the first convenient steamer, English, Dutch, or Chinese—for all or any of these are frequent here at our service—and proceed on our regretfully hurried survey of the great portal, or antechamber of the far-eastern sea palace, our promised heritage and portion. For more than two hundred miles of south-easterly way, we skirt the coast of the Golden Peninsula, here mostly low and fertile by the shore, with a high irregular background of metaliferous mountains, till high and isolated Mount Ophir, a name suggestive of the memory rather than of the actuality of gold, announces our approach to the sleepy old town, the first settlement and once the capital of Europeans on these shores, whence the Straits of Malacca take their name. A too shallow roadstead, and a wholly unsheltered anchorage, have long since transferred the primacy of trade from the city of great Albuquerque and greater Xavier to ports better suited to the requirements of modern navigation; but the influx of twenty thousand Chinese settlers, attracted by the rich tin-mines of the district, and of more than thrice that number of Malays, cultivators of the fertile soil, have in our own time given the town and province more absolute importance perhaps than they ever attained under its former rulers, Lusitanian or Dutch. Thence on to the lovely islet-studded entrance that admits us to the excellent harbor and flourishing colony of Singapore, chief emporium of Asia-European trade for the entire tract comprehended between Ceylon and China.

Selected by the prescient wisdom of Sir Stamford Raffles, as early as 1819, for the free port *par excellence* of these seas, but not actually occupied and opened till 1824, the island of Singapore was sixty years back a mere wilderness of jungle, with a few score of Malay fisher-

men along its shores, and wild boar, deer, and tigers, for the sole tenants of its interior. To-day it reckons a population of nigh one hundred and forty thousand souls, two-thirds of them Chinese; its port admits or clears three million of tonnage yearly; while brushwood and swamp have disappeared before quays, wharves, squares, public buildings, clubs, schools, churches, libraries, museums, handsome and well-paved streets, great warehouses, and whatever else attends and betokens civilized intelligence and well-ordered prosperity. Nowhere, go where he may, will the traveller see British colonial institutions and society under a more favorable aspect than in the "Lion City;" nowhere will he be in a better position for appreciating the benefits that law, justice, and free trade, upheld by the strong backbone of naval and military power, and fenced in by effective police, can confer.

It is a pity that Miss Bird, while duly recognizing these things, should—we know not why—have chosen to mar her otherwise truthful description of Singapore by diatribes on what she terms the "dreary, aimless, half-expiring" life, and the "insipidity of the local conversation" of the "parboiled" European community, and, in particular, of the "feeble English-women" of Singapore. This picture is not in accordance with fact. No doubt the hot hours of an equatorial day are not propitious to violent out-door exercise; and small talk may—nay, probably does—exist at Singapore, just as in any other town, Scotch or English, large or small, London itself not exempted. But it so happens that British existence, male or female, in the Straits is, in matter of fact, singularly active, busy, and energetic, besides being sociable, hospitable, and, on the whole, not less, but more intellectual than that of most trading centres of similar calibre in England with which we are conversant. Miss Bird must have been strangely unlucky in her acquaintances at Singapore.

It is not our intention here to catalogue statistics which our readers may easily procure for themselves from reports, colonial or consular, statesmen's year-books, directories, and the like; enough to say that on the thirteen hundred and fifty square miles which make up the area under direct British rule in the Straits, there exists—nor exists only, but thrives and yearly multiplies—a population considerably over four hundred and twenty thousand souls, or about three hundred

and twelve to the square mile, where, according to the analogy of the neighboring "independent" or Siamese States, there was probably, half a century ago, not a twentieth of that number; while the "protected" States of Perak, Selangor, and Sungei-Ujong, if added, bring up the total of the population to more than six hundred thousand, Malays and Chinese the most part, directly or indirectly under the British flag; and the trade values, export and import, exceed fourteen million sterling yearly, these last not an increase, properly speaking, but a creation. Such, at the very outset of a cruise through the portals of the far East do we find the results of British supremacy, British free trade, British equity, British practice. Our rule has its drawbacks, no doubt; what rule has not? but more theory-bigoted than Mr. Frederic Harrison must be, more calumnious than Mr. Healy, more wrong-headed than Mr. Wilfrid Blunt himself, who could, in presence of facts like these, deny that the administration which bears such fruits must be on the whole a good tree, a benefit and a blessing to those who find shelter under its branches.

And now, "on from island to island at the gateways of the day;" and first to Java, Holland's great colonial success in Asiatic administration and finance, ever since the Batavian governor-general, Johannes van den Bosch, originated in 1832 the system which, with the greatest advantage to all, rulers and ruled, Europeans and "natives" alike, has been maintained down to our time. The island well merits a visit. So, leaving behind us the vast jungles and unexplored wealth by mountain or plain of half-occupied Sumatra, we will direct our course, beginning at Java's busy but unhealthy capital, Batavia, and skirting the continuous north Javan coast for above six hundred miles east. Everywhere the island is cultivated, everywhere responsive to cultivation with all the varied produce of the equinoctial earth belt, and made beautiful alike and terrible by a scarce interrupted chain of nigh fifty volcanoes, most of them fitfully, not a few continually, active; the loftier cones averaging ten thousand feet above the sea level, alternately the fertilizers and the devastators of the plains beneath. Land where we will, from Angkor, or where Angkor was, on the extreme west, at Batavia, Cheribon, central Samarang, or land-locked Sourabaya in the east, we shall find ample justification of Mr. A. Wallace's verdict, that "Java may

fairly claim to be the finest tropical island in the world;" unless, indeed, our coming visit to the Philippines should induce us to reserve the superlative of praise for the island of Luzon, of which more hereafter.

Let us then accept the challenge, and indulge ourselves in a little inland expedition. Sourabaya, with its crowded markets and lovely garden villas, shall be our starting-point, whence the railway will take us about forty miles south-east to the hilly district (not unlike many parts of our own south Wales in general appearance) of Malang, about half-way across the island. Here the volcano of Tosari, near eight thousand feet high, sends up the smoke of its never-resting fires, itself overtopped at no great distance by a loftier and grimmer-looking but unnamed cone, whence great masses of vapor rush explosively up, after intervals of delusive stillness, and then as suddenly subside, — a vision of horror. On our way we have passed mile after mile of dense cane fields, studded with sugar factories, large and many, some under Chinese, some under European direction, and chequered with darker green plots of tobacco or other field produce, till we reach the pretty, stream-channelled belt of broken ground, rising to the central mountain chain. Here palm forests and teak forests, with the other usual growths of Malaysian woodlands, give the landscape a more picturesque character, which is intensified by the frequency of the ruins, stone or brick, of old and now deserted shrines; some apparently of a purely Buddhistic character, like those of Siam; others, again, overlaid with Brahminical exuberance and bad taste of ornament, and, side by side with these, the slightly constructed sheds that satisfy the slender requirements of Javanese Mahometan worship; and now, beneath the overarching shade of giant trees, and a green vault more than a hundred feet overhead in mid-air, we begin the ascent of the volcanic range, and are soon involved, up to an average level of four thousand feet, amid the dark and glossy green of dense coffee plantations, starred with jasmine-like, rose-white flowers, or clustered with reddening berries, according to the season; till, emerging from these on more open slopes of grass, we find ourselves, now from five to six thousand feet above the sea-level, among almost European field produce — potatoes, cabbages, beet, turnips, onions, oats, barley, beans and so forth; and our pathway is bordered by primroses, nasturtiums, honeysuckle, St.

John's wort, and what other gay flowers adorn south England fields in early summer. Further up yet, till we reach eight or nine thousand feet, green heights, bare or thinly sprinkled with fir, lead up to bare, cindery ledges and ash-mounds; and we stand on the sulphur-stained margin of a huge, roaring crater and the smoke that "goeth up forever and ever" out of a very hell-pit beneath the deep purple of a vaporless sky. Far away below stretch green-streaked plain and dazzling sea.

Much too there is to interest us in the Javanese population itself: one that has, — amazing increase! — quadrupled during less than seventy years of Dutch rule, and now considerably exceeds twenty million souls, giving over four hundred to the average square mile. The Javanese are, ethnologically, genuine Malays: gentle, courteous, orderly, uninventive; in external circumstances, as of dress, belongings, housing, and so forth, much in advance of any other of their kinsmen, the inhabitants of the Philippines excepted; but better off again than these last in the matter of good roads, bridges, trim enclosures, and all the communicated neatness on which the Dutch justly pride themselves abroad as at home. But most fortunate of all are the Javanese in the care with which a truly paternal government watches over their landed interests and peasant proprietorship, protecting them alike against the tyrannous caprices of their own native chiefs and headmen, and the more covert, but in reality much more oppressive tyranny of foreign capitalists and money-making companies, whose action, if left unchecked, would soon here, as it has too often done in other colonies, degrade the laborers into mere coolies, without lands or homes of their own, and all to the selfish profit of the moneyed few; whereas, thanks to a vigilant legislation based on the "culture system" of 1832, Goldsmith's Utopia, "where every rood of ground maintained its man," and, with its man, its women and children also, is nowhere so nearly realized as in the Dutch Java of our day.

With a few exceptions among the remoter villages, where paganism has found a mountain refuge, the Javanese are Mahometans, but, happily for themselves, very lax ones; and Islam has little influence over even the theory of their lives, still less over their practice.

Much would there be, did space permit, to write of the wonderful buildings, now in great part ruins, of the Thousand Temples of Brambanam in central Java,

the colossal pile of Borobodor, and other memorials of extinct Indian colonization and rule, noways inferior, it would seem, to the probably coeval fanes of Cambodia, upper Siam, and Ssu-ch'uan; but for a description of these we must refer our readers to Mrs. Bridges's excellent work, best read *in extenso*, and, however reluctantly, quit Java, where we have already lingered perhaps too long, for the further islands of the archipelago, a majority of which are also more or less completely under Dutch suzerainty, varying from mere influence paramount to absolute rule. Of these, Madura, Bali, and Lombok, the last two not less volcanic than Java itself, belong for inhabitants, scenery, fauna, flora, and the rest, to the same Indo-Malayan systems of the Chersonese, Sumatra, Borneo, and Java, and exhibit the same beauty and abundance of bird and insect life, the same equableness of climate, and the same fertility of agricultural produce. Here too the once dreaded scourge of piracy has disappeared before the frequency of steamers and the strong hand of European repression; while, in the perennial calm of a sea where hurricanes and cyclones are unknown, traffic in every form, and conveyed in every craft, from the native *prau* with its frame-work of bamboo and its sails of matting, up to the iron screw-steamer of north British build, goes on secure and uninterrupted month by month and day by day. In the carrying work of this trade the coast Malays, born seamen, take the lead; in whatever concerns the desk and the account-book, the Chinese; while European persistence and capital furnish a backbone to the whole.

Continuing our way east, we now traverse the central, or, to borrow Mr. Wallace's appropriate nomenclature, the Austro-Malayan region of the archipelago, a deep sea-belt, where the island of Celebes, supposed to be in superficial dimensions not much inferior to Borneo itself, and in shape like a deformed octopus, offers to the naturalist a uniqueness of animal and vegetable forms not easily explained, alike distinct from the Asian on the north-west and the Australasian on the south-east. The capital of the island is Macassar. The native dwellers, who, though all of pure Malay stock, include among themselves several distinct tribes and clans, are partly pagan, partly Mahometans, though the latter seem, till quite recently, to have resembled, in head-hunting and other wild practices, their semi-barbarous pagan cousins, the Dyaks of Borneo.

But now, under Dutch rule and influence, they have settled down into an orderly, tranquil, industrious population, chiefly busied in agriculture and coffee-planting, the last being carried on under government control, much as in Java. The greater part of the island is non-volcanic, and hence, however lovely in the details of its scenery, destitute of the grandeur of fire-piled mountain peaks, as also of the exuberant fertility proper to volcanic soil. Only at the northern extremity of Celebes does igneous activity reappear, and with it such mingled beauty and grandeur of scenery as "quite astonished" even the much-experienced Mr. Wallace himself. Here too Dutch rule, acting on a race which by his account seems to represent the Malayan type at its very best, closely resembling, so far as our own knowledge would lead us to infer, the so-called Visaians of Cebu and the central Philippines, has resulted in organizing what Mr. Wallace considers to be the "most industrious, peaceable, and civilized population of the whole archipelago." For a succinct, yet sufficient, account of the measures by which this happy result has been obtained, illustrated by some valuable hints on the very different result of certain other systems, more in accordance, it may be, with "liberal" theory, but far less so with nature and experience, we must refer our readers to Mr. Wallace's work itself; it will repay thoughtful perusal.

Again we re-embark and, continuing our eastward voyage, arrive at the third and furthestmost division, the immediate antechamber of the Australasian sea palace, where the Jilolo, and, furthest of all, the Torres Straits, give free opening on the vast Pacific. Here the famed Spice Islands, or Moluccas, with Amboyna, earliest among European settlements in these regions, and Timor, where the comparative merits of Portuguese and Dutch administration are yet curiously exhibited side by side within the same insular circuit, claim a passing notice. The Moluccas in particular, lying on both sides of the line, and out of the blighting influence of the dry winds of the Australian continent, which do much harm to the more southerly lands of the Timor group, display equinoctial vegetation at its best; giant forest trees, orchids, ferns, gorgeous flowers, luscious fruits, besides the cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, whence especially they derive their European designation. Here too begins, and hence extends eastward all over New Guinea, but no

further, the favored habitat of nature's most exquisite toy, the bird of paradise; besides other feathered forest dwellers which elsewhere might seem unsurpassable in beauty, parrots, pigeons, kingfishers, starlings, and fly-catchers by classification, but all peculiar to this region, all attired, so to speak, in the liveries of their queen, the bird of paradise.

Each island of the group has its speciality and peculiar worth. Banda, once a Portuguese, now a Dutch, possession, has long been, and still is, the chief nutmeg orchard in the world, and is likely to remain so, judging by the ill-success of recent plantation in Ceylon, the Straits, and elsewhere. Why this is so, we could perhaps say, as also why our coffee-plants perish wholesale by a blight little, or not at all, experienced under a different mode of cultivation. But this is a topic which, however important, does not come within our present scope, and to have alluded to it must be enough for us here. To return to the Spice Islands and their produce. Ceram, one of the largest and most fertile, is distinguished by the excellence of its sago crop; Amboyna was selected by the Dutch for the cultivation of the clove. The entire group is included among the Netherlands' possessions. But, for a native population, instead of the orderly and easily governed Malay, we here find a very different material for their rulers to deal with: the Papuan race, identical with the aborigines of New Guinea and its dependent islets, and closely allied to the natives of Australia, the Fiji, the Pelew, and the Tahitian groups, of New Zealand, and of the other countless islands scattered through the eastern and central Pacific; all of whom, though differing even in some instances very widely among themselves in shades of color or degrees of savagery, are yet undoubted members of one great Polynesian family, and in physical and moral characteristics essentially the same. These are, to adapt the only rational conjecture yet formed on existing data, the "survivals" of the aborigines of a vast continent, long since partly broken up into islands, partly buried beneath the ever-deepening waters of the Pacific Ocean; nor can any more striking contrast be imagined than that which distinguishes them from the terminous Malays, Asiatics by origin, and an undoubted offshoot of the Turano-Mongolian family.

Tall, with long, lank limbs, prominent eyebrows, and nose curiously drawn down at the tip, bearded, and with frizzly hair,

not woolly like the negro's, but of a harsh, wiry growth, forming a compact mop on the head, and frequently in tufts over the arms, legs, and breast, the Papuan is at first sight distinguishable from the short-statured, smooth-faced, smooth-skinned, somewhat flat-featured Malay, whose delicately formed limbs, hands, and feet furnish an even more characteristic contrast to the large and coarse extremities of the Papuan. Nor is the mental difference less strongly drawn. "The Malay," once more we quote Mr. Wallace, whose observation, we may add, closely coincides with our own, "is bashful, cold, undemonstrative, and quiet; the Papuan bold, impetuous, excitable, and noisy. The former is grave, and seldom laughs; the latter joyous and laughter-loving; the one conceals his emotions, the other displays them."

In quickness of perception at least, though not, we think, in range of intellect, the Papuan surpasses the Malay; in persistence, foresight, and tact, he is decidedly inferior. Again, in mere decoration, elaborate but unmeaning, the Papuan excels; of construction he has no idea. Fancy is his, not imagination. But it is in affection and moral sentiment that the Papuan shows himself most deficient; that is, in precisely those regards in which the Malay excels most Asiatic, nay, even some European races. The strong self-respect, joined, as is natural, to an almost equal respect for the feelings of others, never wanting among Malays, is to Papuans a thing unknown. Lastly, — and this is the one thing of paramount importance in view of the future, — the Papuan, like all his kinsmen, alike the degraded Australian, and the intelligent and courageous New Zealander, seems, judging after the experience of little less than a century, to be not only incapable of assimilating any good, moral or material, from the more civilized races with whom he may come in contact, but even to derive from that contact certain deterioration, demoralization, and proximate extinction. And hence the hopes of finding a solid and steady basis, and even, in process of time, an effective co-operation to the full establishment of law, order, and social organization, the development of agriculture and trade, and, in a word, the true civilization of the archipelago, in its Malay population, have no counterpart in the Papuan-inhabited portion of the same region. Nor unjustly does Mr. Wallace conclude from the analogy of the past to a future now, it seems, not far dis-

tant: "The true Polynesians" — among whom the Papuan family is strictly included — "are, no doubt, doomed to an early extinction. If the tide of colonization should be turned to New Guinea, there can be little doubt of the speedy disappearance of the Papuan race. But the more numerous Malay race seems well adapted to remain as the cultivator of the soil," — he might have added, as a humble but useful coadjutor in the important coasting and carrying trade of these many-shored seas, — "even when his country and government have passed into the hands of Europeans." We have no hesitation in ratifying this verdict. Ominous, too, for the Papuan future is the fact, long since established by proof, that while the Chinese immigrants, the brain and right arm of all colonial enterprise from Penang to East Borneo, not merely co-operate readily, but even amalgamate with the Malay population, blending by frequent intermarriage into a new, able, and fertile race, they as invariably remain separated by a deep, hopeless gulf of mutual incompatibility, often broadening into active hostility and bloodshed, from the Papuans of the islands. All which the projectors of far-East commerce or colonization will do well to bear in mind. Not all the well-nigh fabulous beauty and fertility of the Spice Islands, of Jilolo and its satellites; not the sago forests of Ceram, not the birds of paradise of Aru, fit abode for such denizens, not even the half-explored or unexplored, yet undoubted promise of New Guinea, can wholly make up for the absence of that great, in the tropics we might almost say paramount, condition of success, native labor, indigenous co-operation, so valuable, as the history of Java and other colonies, Dutch or Spanish, amply shows in the western and central archipelago, so absent from the Papuan section of its extent.

It is on purpose, and because worthy of special and distinct notice, that we have, while thus traversing equatorial Malaysia, so long deferred our visit to that noble island, second in dimensions to Australia alone, far superior to it in the gifts of nature's dowry, the island of Borneo, placed in the very centre of these seas, and halved by the equinoctial line. And yet, near as Borneo is to busy, enterprising Singapore on the one hand, and to industrious, teeming Java on the other, situated, too, on the main highway from the Malacca to the Sooloo Straits; and, in certain monsoon phases, on the great

China route itself, of the greater part of this huge island, of its wide inland, and even in some places of its coast, we know hardly more as yet than of New Guinea. This ignorance, or rather the want of intercourse that has occasioned it, is partly due to the very immensity of the quasi-continent, partly to the scarcity of navigable water-ways for penetrating its masses of upland and jungle. One remarkable exception indeed there is, on the north-west Bornean coast, and one amply sufficient to show how easily (under wise guidance and just administration) the best results of European enterprise might be attained through a much wider region, if not, indeed, to the total extent of the island; an exception of present interest alike, and of good future hope, and thither we will now direct our course.

How the principality of Sarawak was founded, past what shoals and through what storms the vessel of its destinies was successfully piloted by the skill and courage of the great Rajah Brooke, a lineal and worthy representative of the now almost extinct hero breed, too truly entitled by Mr. Froude, "England's Forgotten Worthies;" how his skill and courage triumphed over intrigue and revolt on land, and wiped the red stain of piracy forever out of the adjoining seas; how, since his retirement and death, Rajah Brooke, second of the name, the Numa of Sarawak, has administered, consolidated, and widened his princely heritage; all these things, with the detail statistics of the State, between three and four hundred miles in coast length, with an average breadth of one hundred, its administrative system, closely corresponding with that by which the Dutch have given prosperity to Java, its executive at once simple and efficacious, its law, or equity rather, its military and naval establishments, both of very modest dimensions; its revenue, now exceeding 60,000*l.* yearly: its imports and exports, of which the British quota alone amounts to half a million sterling; its mines, of antimony, quicksilver, and coal; its agriculture or forest produce, and so on, — may be read, partly in Mr. St. John and Miss Jacob's biographical narratives, partly in the documents, official or other, published from time to time by the present rajah. Combined they make up a pleasing history of a good work begun in heroism, continued in much patience, wrought out in firm resolve and wise delay, and already, though of only forty years' standing, more solidly based, more

advantageously and symmetrically reared, than many a showier but less durable administrative fabric of our modern age.

Pleasant indeed is the picture exhibited to the eye and mind, as our small steamer, fresh started from the Singapore Straits, and sighting, after not many hours of absolutely open sea, the north-western angle of Borneo, makes her way towards the mouth of the Kutching River and the capital of the principality. High hills, wood-covered, form the coast, and come down in sheer precipices on the sea, which here rolls in one long, heavy swell, driven by the northerly monsoon from the Cantonese shores, a thousand miles away, and scarce broken by the rocky Anamba or Natunha Island groups. It is a miniature, but a more picturesque, Bay of Biscay. As we near the river entrance, a dense jungle of mangrove, overtopped by tall palms, areca, cocoanut, or sago, meets our view, and lines the banks of the rapid rivers up which we pass by scattered hamlets and plantations, with fanciful rocks and overhanging tree stems between, till after about twenty-five miles we come upon the little grassy, fort-crowned knoll which guards the river approach to the town, situated on the opposite bank. Just beyond the fort stands the *astana*, or government house, residence of the rajah, a well-constructed but by no means showy bungalow, amid a lovely garden park, where turf, green as any in mid-England, is jotted with plots of tropical shrubs and flowers, and lotus-bearing tanks, full to the brim, for Kutching, like Singapore, stands nigh on the equator; and refreshing showers are of almost daily recurrence, even during the drier months of the year.

Opposite the palace the little town, numbering scarce six thousand inhabitants, nearly half of them Chinese, with its neatly kept market-place, guarded council house, treasury, gaol, schools, mosques, temples, church, and other public buildings, besides many pretty private houses of merchants and the like, and bamboo-hedged gardens, gives evidence of prosperity and orderly rule. From hence in every direction new-made roads strike out into the country, and are bordered by market gardens and field cultivation for miles away; the gardening is mostly in the hands of the ingenious and hard-working Chinese; while the less energetic Malays content themselves mostly with the growth of rice and sago, the latter being here, in the rajah's words, "almost enough to feed the world." Pepper and coffee also prosper; tea and quinine have

lately been introduced, and everything is done to encourage field work, and to render and keep the natives proprietors of their own soil—the surest guarantee of loyalty and stability in a State. To develop the country from within, by its own resources, and, so far as possible, by its own indigenous population, supplemented only, where defective, by Chinese immigration, and to prefer small but local enterprise and gain to the sweeping ventures of European capitalists, such is the head and sum of the rajah's political economy—already in no small measure justified by success. A flourishing State and a firm dynasty will prove, should it be steadily persevered in, its certain reward.

Here in Kutching we meet the genuine Malays of the interior, the Dyaks, well-proportioned men and women, of ruddy brown color, and somewhat taller on the average than the coast Malays; handsomer too in feature, and, according to the opinion of competent judges, on a higher mental and moral level. Though simple in their habits, they are by no means savages. Head-hunting, a barbarous practice, but not unparalleled among the semi-civilized aborigines of central and southern America, has now totally disappeared from within the limits of the Sarawak principality, and, as we are informed, of the adjoining Dutch territories; and piracy, in which the coast Dyaks were largely implicated, has been stamped out by the true, humane energy of the great rajah and his successor. For the rest, temperate, honest, trusting, and, within the limits assigned by a tropical climate, industrious; healthy too, well-made, and eminently brave; the Dyaks have in them the making of a good, settled population, a basis on which to build up the colonial superstructure; nor is there, happily, any danger of their inoculation with the Islamic virus, that has so seriously debilitated and stunted the Malays of the Borneo coast, no less than those of the peninsula, of Sumatra, and of some others among the lesser islands.

Of the prospects of the North-Borneo Company, lately formed in view of colonizing the north-eastern angle of the island, and at present holding in grant from the indigenous suzerains above twenty thousand square miles of territory, it would be premature as yet to speak. Time must show. Of the natural fertility of the region, its metallic treasures, its excellent harbors, its propitious rainfalls, and other analogous recommendations, a good report has come up. But it is sparsely, in-

deed inadequately peopled; and of this defect, Chinese coolie labor, if a sufficient, is a costly supplement. Much, too, will depend on the tact of its first administrators; much on the systems of land tenure and cultivation introduced by them. Curiously enough, the Dutch themselves, eminent as has been their success in Java, have thus far made but little mark in Borneo; where Sarawak yet figures as an isolated phenomenon of colonial prosperity under European rule. Why all this should be so, depends on causes from the investigation of which our limits must debar us for the present. But lands, like nations, have their day, and Borneo cannot long remain unaffected by the rising tide of trade and enterprise, already circling in encroaching eddies round her forest-girded shores.

West and south we have now surveyed, however cursorily, the wide ante-Pacific archipelago: its northern limits, assigned by the Gulfs of Siam and Tonquin, with the adjoining coasts of Hanoi and southern China, though all-important both to the trade and colonization of the entire region, must here be passed by; a brief description would be unsatisfactory; a full one, in a single article, impossible. So we turn, for a concluding view in this brilliant panorama, to the long range of islands, reaching for fourteen degrees and a half of latitude north and south from east Borneo and the Sooloo Straits up to the Bashee Channel, and to Formosa itself; a giant bar, sundering by an almost continuous wall of island beauty the Malayan and Chinese Seas from the dark Pacific beyond. For the greater and best part they belong to Spain, and constitute the most enviable, and now almost the sole colonial jewel yet unfallen from the crown of Castile and Leon. For the benefit of the possibly uninformed reader we will add that the Philippine island-group lies between lat. 20° and lat 5° N.; and that it consists, firstly, of two large islands, namely Luzon, on which the capital, Manila, is situated, to the north, and Mindanao to the south; the former having an area nearly equal to that of Ireland, the latter about one-fourth less; secondly, of seven large, intermediate islands, with a collective area equalling that of Luzon; and lastly, an absolutely innumerable number of smaller islets, mostly inhabited, making up a total area of fifty-four thousand square miles. The population reaches to about eight millions; the yearly exports and imports between the Philippines and Great Britain (being about one-

fourth of the total trade) amount to little less than four millions sterling.

We have left Singapore, and five or six days of north-westerly passage have brought our steamer to anchor beside the lovely little island, midmost of the Philippine cluster, and called, like its capital town, Cebu. A large Spanish-Renaissance cathedral, with the episcopal residence and a spacious Dominican convent hard by, all in the heavy but not ungraceful style of the architecture of Philip II. and Philip III., overlook a wide square, where a large population of stragglingly built bamboo houses, galleried round and thatched with palm-leaves, declare the Malay, or, as Spaniards, with a glorious contempt of ethnological classification, term it, Indian element predominant in the town. Beyond are green hills, well-watered fields, wooded slopes, and not a few volcanic cones, quiescent indeed just now, but which may any day break out into activity, for Cebu, like all the Philippines, with hardly an exception, is a volcanic formation. Meanwhile the landscape is everywhere dense with "fertile promise," and accomplishment too, of grain, tobacco, sugar-cane, coffee, cacao, and fruits of every kind; buffaloes are grazing, and natives "Indians" at work in the fields or lounging in the shade. But opposite the little knoll on which we stand overlooking the harbor, and across a narrow, silvery sea-streak beyond, lies full in view the low green islet of Mactan, where, close to a palm grove, by the beach, we see a small, white, monumental obelisk, evidently Spanish. It marks the spot where the world's first circumnavigator, the Portuguese Magellan, discoverer (though not, as it proved, for Portugal but Spain) of the Philippines, then on his return from the straits to which he gave his name, fell, pierced in an ambushade of hostile Malays by a poisoned arrow. This was in A.D. 1521: forty-three years later the Spanish admiral Legaspi, beginning also at Cebu, annexed the bulk of the archipelago, island after island, to the Spanish dominion; though the completion of the enterprise was reserved for his yet more daring grandson and successor, Salcedo, A.D. 1572-6.

We too will take our way northwards, through what is here called the Inland Sea, a succession of straits and seeming lakes among a maze of lovely islands, rock-buttressed, or clothed with bamboo, palm, stately forest, and cultivated interspaces down to the water's edge: a scene equalling, if not indeed for labyrinthine

beauty surpassing, the better-known Inland Sea of old Nipon. We skirt the great and fertile island of Panay, with its port of Iloilo, second in importance to Manila alone; and thence, if we choose, turn eastward, through the narrow rock-walled Straits of Bernardino, where the warm, turbid waters of the China Sea rush like an eddying Bosphorus to discharge themselves into the wide Pacific. This is the mid-Philippine passage. Scarcely have we rounded the outermost headland, and entered on the pure deep darkness of the ocean, when, towering above us in nine thousand feet of unbroken slope from the very beach, rises the giant cone of Mayon, the ever-burning volcano of Albay. Over its inaccessible summit a pennon of thick, white smoke flaunts from the black lava-peak, the terror and the fertilizer of southernmost Luzon. Should we land, we may yet visit, at a distance of at least twelve miles from the mountain base, the charred ruins of villages destroyed by the burning cinders thrown out in the great explosion of November, 1874, when the mountain, after no further warning than a single night of earthquake and explosion, appeared at dawn, to use the words of a native describer, "like a bride in a nuptial veil," white with one continuous ash-sheet from crater to seashore. For weeks eruption followed eruption, till for leagues around, hamlets and churches ruined, bridges broken, roads obliterated, plantations scorched or overwhelmed, and lives both of cattle and men lost beyond all count, made the very name of Mayon a terror in the Philippines. Yet so admirably fertile were the ashes scattered abroad, so abundant the succeeding crops of coffee, tobacco, and the finest of abaca, or Manila hemp (the fibre of a glossy dark-green plantain-leaf, as beautiful as useful), that Mayon is said to have already "far more than made amends for the damage caused by his paroxysmal violence." The total number of active craters throughout the Philippines is estimated at seventeen; of half or wholly extinct, legion.

But most beautiful of all scenes in the island of Luzon, an island justly pronounced the loveliest of our planet, is that presented by the lake of Taal, not far from Manila itself. A small steamer takes us from the capital, for about twenty miles eastward, up the river Pasig to the great lake of Baii, a fresh-water sea, more than a hundred and thirty miles in circumference, placed in the very heart of Luzon; and thence, disembarking on its southern

shore, we traverse for some twenty miles more the coffee and cacao plantations of the densely peopled province of Batangas, till we reach the district and lake of Taal. It is an extinct crater, oval-shaped, with a longer diameter of about seven miles, by a shorter of four or five, shut in by steep cliffs, inaccessible except at a few points, and full of clear, metallic-blue water, deep and stainless as the heaven overhead. Just at the centre of the lake a little island of green slope and flowering shrubs rises abruptly from the waters, springing up into a cone six hundred feet high, whence a continuous eddy of white sulphur-smoke issues ceaselessly, often seen across the mountain range far out on the open sea. Climbing the hill we seat ourselves on the extreme verge of the crater, and look down into a boiling malebolgia of steam and sulphur, crossed by quick flickers of blue flame; a miniature hell, set in a very paradise.

Manila itself, the capital, with its unrivalled harbor, its antiquated fort, its noble churches, its gay parade, its populous streets, busy canals, and lovely orchard-gardens, must of necessity here remain undescribed; nor can we attempt to picture the grandeur of the inland mountain scenery, and the abrupt coast towards the Pacific; nor the giant forests of the central range, nor the rivers and waterfalls, the caverns and solfateras; nor the yearly wonders of the May thunderstorms, and the fresh beauties of the cooler months, with all the lavish displays of nature's munificence and power, that render the Philippines as superior in beauty and productiveness to the other island groups of the Malay archipelago, as that archipelago in general surpasses the West Indian and every other of the world, Old or New. Enough to say that from equatorial Sooloo, up to the almost temperate climate of the northern Cordilleras and Cagayan, every diversity of tropical scenery and growth is here exhibited at its best, and that too with a singular exemption from the ferocious, and even in great measure from the venomous forms of life, that infest the tropics elsewhere; while in beauty of bird and insect life the Philippines, equal in these respects to Borneo or Java, yield only to the islands of Aru.

The inhabitants of this sea-girded paradise, however subdivided in dialects and other minor details, group themselves ultimately into two large families, both Malay, yet with a difference. The southern half of the Philippines is tenanted by the

Visaians, who in stature, features, and general qualities, mental and physical, as also, we believe, in dialect, closely resemble the Dyaks of Borneo and the dwellers of Celebes, though somewhat lighter of complexion, and, both male and female, decidedly handsomer in feature. To this last superiority, greater comfort, better food and dress, and the other advantages consequent on secure and peaceful organization, have doubtless contributed not a little. With the exception of a scattered Mahometan population in the larger but sparsely tenanted island of Mindanao, and of the piratical inhabitants of the Sooloo cluster, also Mahometans, the Visaians are Christians, and have found in Catholicism a form of belief and worship which seems adapted to their mental and moral requirements. In dress also they have adopted a not unpractical modification of European clothing, laying aside the turban and the *savong*, or waist-cloth, characteristics of Malay Islam; but replacing the latter with light trousers, and adding a loose overdress, or blouse, of finely-woven abaca, the choicest fibre of the Manila hemp or banana plant, white, or or stained in tasteful stripes, and replaced on holidays, whereof there are many, by the *piña* texture, a tissue of pine-apple fibre, delicate and costly as the finest lace. Their dwellings are, like those of Malays in general, neat and orderly, with colored prints representing the Madonna and the saints. Musical instruments of European pattern, though often of native make, abound everywhere, not a village but having its band ready for Sunday or feast-day, mass or vespers; while the annually recurring processions, illuminations, and merry-makings, untarnished by drunkenness or rioting of any sort, at Easter-tide, on a patronal festival, or the like, far excel, both for spontaneity and brilliancy, anything now to be witnessed in western Europe. Nor less noteworthy is the courteous, orderly, law-abiding demeanor of the working townsman or peasant, at all times and everywhere. A happy condition of things, for which in part thanks are undoubtedly due to the Spanish administration as such, more yet to the intrinsic goodness of the Malay nature; but most to the benign and judicious rule exercised by the clergy, Spanish or island-born, and the humanizing influence of their life and teaching on the laity around. It will perhaps surprise a large number of our readers, that it is to the Catholic clergy, and especially to the monasteries, richly endowed and thickly dotted over all the

larger islands, that the inhabitants of the Philippines chiefly owe their happiness and content. Yet so in truth it is. Identifying their own interests with those of the people, the Philippine clergy, regular and secular alike, has constantly stood forth the true and provident protector of the flocks under its charge; and, in requital for a very moderate share of the wool, has kept the sheep from the too close-clipping shears of the civil administration, and from the ravaging wolves of alien speculation and deadly usury. Under the sheltering care of the *cura* and the *frayle* the land no less than the labor has, throughout the Philippines, remained the property of its cultivators; and while Spain and the merchants of Europe have, the one directed the administration, the others reaped a fair share of the profits, the natives have been left the sole masters and owners of the soil.

Less good-featured, darker-complexioned, and in general of lower but compacter stature than the Visaians are the Tagals, who, with their subdivisions of Kozans, Bicolis, Igorrotes, and others, make up the population of the northern and more densely peopled moiety of the Philippines. In bodily strength, energy, perseverance, and intellect, they surpass their southerly cousins. Excellent agriculturists, ingenious artificers, and daring seamen, they are, to use a hackneyed phrase, more "progressive" than the Visaians; nor have they, as indeed is but natural, proved always equally docile subjects. Between these Tagals and the dark-skinned component of the Japanese population, there are not a few points of bodily and mental resemblance; and tradition, unsupported we believe by any direct historical evidence, speaks of mutual immigration and admixture between the races in time past. None of them are Mahometans; but a few of the tribes, inhabiting the mountainous tracts north of Manila, have kept up a sort of old-fashioned Mongolian ancestor-reverencing paganism, and with it a modified independence of their own. The tobacco of which the well-known Manila cigars and cheroots are made is grown chiefly in the northerly districts of Luzon.

Lastly, in despite of Spanish jealousy, finding expression in countless annoyances of excessive and arbitrary dues, vexatious regulations, and illiberal interference of every kind, the irrepressible Chinese have managed to make good their footing at Manila and the other "open" ports, where, as is their wont, they have

taken
fact
tern
citiz
or h
ble
the
Am
Eng
plac
Swi
ber,
thro
exc
any
mili
selv
and
inat
ton
how
of v
ing
gue
the
cult
surv
inst
hav
suff
the
nes
we
wh
ern
F
on
pal
the
Kin
is t
ed,
the
of
Gui
less
tlen
our
mid
time
dee
Str
ana
trop
vex
from
our

F
ext
nem
tum

taken a leading position in traffic, manufactures, and finance. Here too they intermarry freely with their Malay fellow-citizens; and the Chino-Tagal *mestiço*, or half-blood, is the chief, the indispensable link between the native producer and the European exporter in the ports. Among European men of business the English hold here undeniably the first place; next come the Germans and the Swiss; the Spaniards, whose total number, a small military force included, throughout the Philippines, does not much exceed five thousand, take little part in anything except the administration, civil, military, or judicial; they pique themselves, not unjustly, on a certain reserve, and on keeping up, in purity uncontaminated by colonial vulgarity, the high tone of good Castilian society. They are, however, hospitable, and, to the well bred of whatever nationality, sociable; enjoying life, and making it enjoyable to their guests; nor unworthily representing in the far East much of the courtesy and culture of old Spain, as it is said yet to survive in some parts of the Western peninsula. Under their rule the Philippines have before them a prosperous and self-sufficing, if not a brilliant future; nor is the Utopian goal of the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" anywhere, we believe, more nearly attained, than where the Spanish flag shelters the easternmost region of the Malay Archipelago.

Here, lastly, are the three great outlets on the Pacific, the portals of the ocean palace beyond. Southernmost, close to the equator, and under the shadow of Kini-Balu, giant amid Bornean mountains, is the Sooloo Channel, once pirate-infested, now, happily for its neighbors, under the acknowledged suzerainty and control of Spain. It leads out direct on New Guinea, and its free navigation is of scarce less importance to our Australasian settlements than is that of the Red Sea to our Indian empire. Ten degrees north, midway in the Philippine barrier, and sentinelled by ever-burning Mayon, is the deep, eddying, Bosphorus-like Bernardino Strait, opposite to the Pelew and Mariana Islands; while northernmost, on the tropical verge, is the wider but cyclone-vexed Bashee passage, the nearest outlet from China and Hongkong. And here let our Malayan "Periplus" be stayed.

Peopled for at least four-fifths of its extent by Malays, that is by a race eminently qualified to serve as the substratum, whether for agricultural labor, for

commerce, or for orderly administration; penetrated now and leavened all through by the most enterprising, the most intelligent, and the most persevering of Asiatic influences, the Chinese; guaranteed by nature for far the greater part of its range, that is from the latitude of Siam north to that of Java south, from the cyclone pest that so often checks or imperils Chinese coast navigation, and provided instead with regular and moderate trade-winds in their season; with secure harborage and easy water-way everywhere; with whatever earth has choicest of her surface productiveness, or of her underground treasures, to offer to the creative sun-god on his equatorial throne,—this archipelago is a region well worth, if merely considered in itself and for itself, the attention of those who, like ourselves, have received the seas for our birthright, and the utmost isles of its waters in our possession; but far stronger is its claim if regarded, as is due, in the light of a highway to our great south Pacific expansion, to Australia, Tasmania, Polynesia, New Zealand, and, in no distant future, New Guinea.

Five European powers, either simultaneously or at different epochs, have striven more or less avowedly for supremacy in this all-important region — Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, and England; but with marked difference alike in the means employed and the success obtained. Of these five, two, the earliest and the latest to enter the lists, namely, Portugal and France, may now be safely passed by as unworthy of actual consideration. A few square miles of unratified suzerainty in the peninsula of Macao, and a few more in the distant and decayed settlement of Timor, remain as the sole monuments, or tombstones rather, of dead Lusitanian enterprise; while a degraded, half-caste race, the very dregs of humanity, scattered over the archipelago from Malacca to Hongkong, still survives to dishonor, not prolong, a once glorious memory. Beyond this, Portugal is nothing now to eastern Asia; her flag covers no commerce, her harbors shelter no trade. Nor need the pretentious, but spasmodic and ill-directed, enterprises of France, from the days of Louis XIV. and the pro-Gallic intrigues of the Greek renegade Falcon, down to President Grévy and the filibustering exploits of a Garnier or a Dupuis, detain us long; nor would the annexation of Annam and even of Tonquin, supposing it effected, greatly advantage the interests either of the archipelago and its denizens, or of Europe and her traders,

or even of France herself, any more than her costly and sterility-smitten colonial monopolies have advantaged them elsewhere. The foundations, economical, political, and administrative, are all awry; nor can the superstructure be other than unstable and profitless to all concerned. We abstain, of course, from any attempt to reopen the old sore of Tahiti, and leave to future diplomacy the *modus vivendi* which must be established between the possessors of the Marquesas and New Caledonia and our Australasian colonies.

There remain Spain, Holland, England; and with these three, each after its fashion, the case is very different.

Possessor in her own right even now of nearly one hundred and sixteen thousand square miles of territory, and ruling over at least eight millions of Asiatic subjects, Spain, as mistress of the Philippines, with an average yearly trade exchange of twelve millions sterling, and the command, geographical at least, of the three main east Pacific portals, is still, though no longer, as in the sixteenth century, Lady Paramount of the archipelago, yet an important power in its present and its future alike. The rule of the Netherlands, more recent in date, but fresher in vigor, covers a territory of more than six hundred thousand square miles, and claims the allegiance of nearly twenty-six millions of Asiatics; and its lion watches over a yearly trade amounting to thirty millions sterling in total value. Compared with either of these, but especially with the latter, our own sovereignty over a territorial surface of one poor thousand four hundred and odd square miles, Hong-kong included, and a population little exceeding half a million, makes at first view but a sorry figure.

Yet when, on further examination, we find that this narrow space of British territory, one-seventieth only of what Spain, one four-hundredth of what Holland commands, owns an average trade equal in amount to the total Hispano-Malayan traffic, and to a full third of what the far more extensive Dutch dominion yields, we begin to perceive that the unrivalled pre-eminence of the English name, of English influence, English prestige, throughout the Malay Archipelago, must have a foundation peculiar to itself, one not less firm because floating, not less real because more in fact than in name. Not to territorial extent merely, but to a wider class of statistics, must we look here. The British ascendancy, not indeed wholly uncontested, not universally desired nor

greatly loved, yet respected by all, confessed by all, is based on our naval superiority, royal or mercantile, on our invested capital, on our credit, moral and financial, on our lavish energy of enterprise, our prudent extravagance of daring, our even-handed justice in act: qualities which are, as we trust, despite of pessimists and cynics, not on the decrease, but on the increase; not mere survivals of a past, however glorious, but guarantees and first crops of a future, more fruitful and more honorable still.

We do not, as our readers must have already observed, wish to detract from or deny, on the contrary we admit, approve, admire, the proved wisdom and beneficence of Dutch administration; we find much also to appreciate and to praise in the often unjustly decried Spanish rule. Both have truly in view the well-being of those they govern; and both, though on different paths, go about to ensure that well-being, more effectively often than, we regret to say, we ourselves at times succeed in doing towards the Asiatics under our own care; in whose regard, as in many other matters connected with what is termed the "development" of men or things, we are too apt to forget that oldest, truest, wisest, of sayings, "Foolish they who know not how much more is the half than the whole." But, while allowing that the Javanese may possibly be happier and better under Dutch rule, the Visaians and Tagals under Spanish, than they might have been under our own, we hold it for a matter of equal or greater certainty that European trade, and the fortunes of the world at large, would have been greatly the gainers had we in 1762 retained for our own the already conquered Philippines, or Java in 1814. Nor can we for a moment doubt that the unrestricted power of capital, enterprise, and free trade, under the British flag, would soon have thrown open and utilized the immense, and as yet but half-recognized, resources of those noble islands, no less than of the Moluccas, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago generally on a much wider scale and to grander purpose than has been or ever can be done by the guarded monopolies and protective systems of Holland and Spain. The time-honored but erroneous idea that a colony is, to quote the clever author of "The Expansion of England," merely "an estate, out of which the mother country is to make a pecuniary profit," however modified in the Continental statesmanship of our days by the better recognized claims of justice or hu-

manity towards the indigenous or colonial populations, yet holds place as a leading axiom in the Dutch and Spanish schools of colonial policy; and it is but lately that we ourselves have, in an important measure at least, exchanged it for a more truly liberal, because a more deeply patriotic, a more widely national, and hence, necessarily though indirectly, a more cosmopolitan teaching. And thus it is that our colonies, and ours alone, fertilize, not their own proper territorial limits, or those of the suzerain power merely, but the world at large.

Nor should we overlook the fact, one of special meaning here, that the colonial expansion of England, far more than that of any other kingdom or nationality ancient or modern, the Phœnician not excepted, is twofold in its character; an expansion of miles and acres on land, an expansion of distances and ocean-routes at sea. Without infringing on the equal rights of other maritime powers, there still remains a sense in which the seas are not her highways merely, but her territory, the heritage of her fathers, the heirloom of her children; not, indeed, to the exclusion of other nationalities, but to the free benefit and open advantage of all. How far the consolidation of this our ocean rule may render desirable, or even necessary, the absorption of a wider extent of landed territory, is a question which it would be unwise over-anxiously to raise before the time; unwise and pusillanimous alike not to face boldly when that time arrives. Poetic metaphors of England blindly staggering beneath the over-weight of an Atlantean burden, and the like elegant self-deprecations of a hyper-refined and sentimental school, are but the expression of timid misunderstanding or unpatriotic spleen; they have no place among realities, no resemblance to the truth of English suzerainty by land or sea in the far East or farther South. In her colonies, on board her navies, in her plantations, in her trade-ships, England is ever England, and her pre-eminence synonymous with a more equal justice, a deeper reverence for law, a securer peace, a more widely diffused well-being, a firmer-based prosperity than are sheltered by any other flag whatever, of the Old World or the New. That Australia and New Guinea alike, Polynesia and all its isles, the Malayan Archipelago, and the fairest shores shone on by earth's sun, may long continue to enjoy, or speedily enter into participation of these good things, should be the wish,

the hope of every one who knows what these regions once were, when yet unvisited by England, what they now are, what they may yet become.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD LOVE STORY.

THE next morning saw the three at breakfast in a little room adjoining the drawing-room. The sky was overcast, and before the meal was over Barbara turned her head quickly as the rain lashed the window in sudden fury. She arched her brows, and looked at Mr. Harding with anxious commiseration.

"It's going to be a wet day," she said.

He raised his eyes to the blurred prospect.

"It looks like it, certainly."

Her expression was comically aghast.

"I never thought of its being wet!"

"Yet such a thing does happen occasionally."

"Yes, but it needn't have happened to-day. I thought you would want to go out. What *will* you do?"

"Stay indoors, if you have no objection."

"But there is nothing to amuse you. You will be so dull."

"Less so than usual, I imagine," said Reynold. "Do you find it so difficult to amuse yourself on a wet day?"

"No, but I have a great deal to do. Besides, it is different. Don't men always want to be amused more than women?"

"Poor men!" said he.

Mr. Hayes read his letters and seemed to take no heed of his niece's trouble. But it appeared, when breakfast was finished, that he had arranged how the morning should be spent. He announced his intention of taking young Harding over the place, and he carried it out with a thoroughness which would have done honor to a professional guide, showing all the pictures, mentioning the size of the rooms, and relating the few family traditions—none of which, by the way, reflected any especial credit on the Rothwells. He stopped with bright-eyed appreciation before a cracked and discolored

map, where the Mitchelhurst estate was shown in its widest extent. Reynold looked silently at it, and then stalked after his host through all the chilly faded splendor of the house, shivering sometimes, sneering sometimes, but taking it all in with eager eyes, and glancing over the little man's white head at the sombre shelves of the library or the portraits on the walls. Mr. Hayes was fluent, precise, and cold. Only once did he hesitate. They had come to a small sitting-room on the ground floor, which, in spite of long disuse, still somehow conveyed the impression that it had belonged to a young man.

"This was John Rothwell's favorite room," he said. He looked round. "I remember, yes, I remember, as if it were yesterday, how he used —"

Harding waited, but he stood staring at the rusty grate, and left the sentence unfinished.

"And to think that now he should be living from hand to mouth on the Continent!" he said at last, and compressed his lips significantly.

He took the young man to the servants' hall, across which the giggling voices of two or three maids echoed shrilly, till they were suddenly silenced by the master's approach. Reynold followed him down long stone passages, and thought, as he went, how icy and desolate they must be on a black winter night. He was oppressed by the size and dreariness of the place, and bewildered by the multiplicity of turnings.

"I think," said Mr. Hayes suddenly, "that I have shown you all there is to see indoors."

And, as Reynold replied that he was much obliged, he pushed a door, and motioned to his guest to precede him. Reynold stepped forward, and discovered that he was in the entrance hall, facing Barbara, who had just come down the broad, white stairs, and still had her hand upon the balustrade. It seemed to him as if he had come through the windings of that stony labyrinth, the hollow rooms and pale corridors, to find a richly colored blossom at the heart of all.

"Oh, Barbara, I'll leave Mr. Harding to you now," said the old gentleman. "I'm going to my study—I must write some letters."

He crossed the black and white pavement with brisk, short steps, and vanished through a doorway.

"Has uncle shown you everything?" she asked.

"I should think so."

"It's a fine place, isn't it?"

"Very fine, and very big," said Harding slowly. "Very empty, and ghostly, and dead."

"Oh, you don't like it! I thought it would be different to you. I thought it would seem like home, since it belonged to your own people."

"Home, sweet home!" he answered with a queer smile. "Well, it is a fine place, as you say. And what have you been doing all the morning?"

"Housekeeping," said Barbara. "And now"—she set down a small basket of keys on the hall table, as if she were preparing for action—"now I am going to set the clock right."

"I'll stay for that if you'll allow me," said Reynold. "I remember what you told me last night. It is *the time*, and the world stands still when it stops."

"For me, not for you," the girl replied. "You have your watch—you don't believe in the big clock."

"Yes, I do. Here, in Mitchelhurst, what does one want with any but Mitchelhurst time? What have I to do with Greenwich? But as for Mitchelhurst, your uncle has talked to me till I feel as if I were all the Rothwells who ever lived here. Why, what's this? Sunshine!"

"Yes," said Barbara. "It's going to clear up."

It could hardly be called actual sunlight, but there certainly was a touch of pale autumn gold growing brighter about them as they stood.

Harding was listening to the monotonous tick—tick—tick—tick.

"I remember a man in some book," he said, "who didn't like to hear a clock going—always counting out time in small change."

"Oh, but that's a worrying idea! I should hate to think of my life doled out to me like that!"

"I'm afraid you must," he answered, with his little rough-edged laugh. "It would be very delightful to take one's life in a lump, but how are you going to have more than a moment in a moment? There are plenty of us always trying to do it. If you could find out the way —"

"How, trying?" said Barbara.

"Trying to keep the past and grasp the future," Harding replied. "Working and waiting for some moment which is to hold at least half a lifetime—when it comes! Oh, I quite agree with you; I should like a feast, and I am fed by spoonfuls!"

She looked up at him a little doubtfully,

and the clock went on ticking. "I always thought it was like a heart beating," she said, swerving from the idea he had presented as if it were distasteful. "Now!"

There was silence in the empty hall, as if in very truth, she had laid her brown young hand upon Time's flying pulse, and stilled it.

"Talk of killing time!" said Harding.

"No," Barbara answered, without turning her head. "Time's asleep—that's all—asleep and dreaming. He'll soon wake up again."

She had so played with the idle fancy that, quite unconsciously, she spoke in a hushed voice, which deepened the impression of stillness. Harding said no more, he simply watched her. His imagination had been quickened by the sight of the Place; its traditional memories, its pride, and its decay had touched him more deeply than he knew. Life, with its hardness and its haste, its obscure and ugly miseries and needs, had relaxed its grasp, and left him to himself for a little space in the midst of that curious loneliness. He felt as if the wide, living, wind-swept world beyond its walls were something altogether alien and apart. Everything about him was pale and dim; the very sunlight was faded, as if it were the faint reflection of a glory that was gone; everything rested as if in the peace of something that was neither life nor death. Everything was faded and dim, except the girl who stood, softly breathing, a couple of steps away, and even she seemed to be held by the enchantment of the place, and to wait in passive acquiescence. Reynold's grey eyes dilated and deepened.

But as she stood there, unconscious of his gaze, Barbara smiled. It was just the slightest possible smile, as if she answered some smiling memory; a curve of the lip, hardly more than hinted, which might betoken nothing deeper than the recollection of some melodious scrap of rhyme or music. Yet Reynold drew back as if it stung him. "That's not for me!" he said to himself.

The movement startled Barbara from her reverie. "Oh, how like you are to that picture in the drawing-room!" she exclaimed impulsively.

He knew what she meant, and the innocent utterance was a second sting. But he laughed. "What, the good-looking one?"

It seemed to her that she could have found a light answer but for his eyes upon her. As it was, he had the gratification of seeing her color and hesitate. "I

—I wasn't thinking—I didn't mean"—she stammered shyly. "Oh, of course!" And then, angry with herself for her unreadiness, she stepped forward, and, with a gesture of impatience, set the pendulum swinging.

"Time is to go on again?" said he.

"Yes," Barbara replied decidedly. "It would be tiresome if it stood still long. It had better go on. Besides, I'm cold," and she turned away with a pretty little shiver. "I want to go to the fire; I can't stay to attend to it any longer."

Harding lingered, and after an instant of irresolution she left him to a world which had resumed its ordinary course.

At luncheon there was the inevitable mention of the weather, and Mr. Hayes, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, said, "Yes, it has cleared up nicely. I suppose you are going into the village?"

The young people hesitated, not knowing to whom the question was addressed. Miss Strange waited for Mr. Harding, and Mr. Harding for Miss Strange. Then they said yes, at the same moment, and felt themselves pledged to go together.

"I thought so," said Mr. Hayes, and began to remind his niece of this thing and that which she was to be sure and show their visitor. "And the sooner you go the better," he added when the meal was over. "The days grow short."

Barbara looked questioningly at Mr. Harding. "If you like to go——"

"I shall be delighted, if you will allow me," said the young man, and a few minutes later they went together down the avenue.

"The days grow short," Mr. Hayes had said, and everything about them seemed set to that sad autumnal burden. The boughs above their heads, the ground under foot, were heavy with moisture, the bracken was withered and brown, there were no more butterflies, but at every breath the yellowing leaves took their uncertain flight to the wet earth. The young people, each with a neatly furled umbrella, walked with something of ceremonious self-consciousness, making little remarks about the scenery, and Mr. Hayes, from his window, followed them with his eyes.

"Rothwell, every inch of him," he said to himself, as Reynold turned and looked backward at the Place. "I never knew one of the lot yet who didn't think that particular family had a right to despise all the rest of the world. The only difference I can see is that this fellow despises the family too. Well, let him! Why not?"

But, good Lord! what an end of all his mother's hopes!" And Mr. Hayes went back to his fireside—his, while John Rothwell was dodging his creditors on the Continent! There was unutterable dreariness in the thought of such a destiny, but the little old man regretted it with a complacent rubbing of his hands and a remembrance of Rothwell's arrogance. There is a belief, engendered by the moral stories of our childhood, that it is good for a man that his unreasonable pride should be broken—a belief which takes no heed of the chance that its downfall may hurl the whole fabric of life and conduct into the fulness of the gutter. Mr. Hayes naturally took the moral-story view of a pride by which he had once been personally wounded; yet he wore a deprecating air, as if Fate, in too amply avenging him, had paid a compliment to his importance which was almost overpowering.

It was more than a quarter of a century since Rothwell and he had been antagonists, though they had not avowed the fact in so many words, and Rothwell, with no honor or profit to himself, had baffled him. Herbert Hayes was then over forty and unmarried. The Mitchelhurst gossips had made up their minds that he would live and die a bachelor. But one November Sunday he came, dapper, bright-eyed, and self-satisfied, to Mitchelhurst church, gazed with the utmost propriety into his glossy hat, stood up when the parson's dreary voice broke the silence with "When the wicked man—" and, looking across at the Rothwells' great pew, met his fate in a moment.

The pew held its usual occupants—the old squire, grey, angular, and scornful; young Rothwell, darker, taller, paler, less politely contemptuous, and more lowering; Kate, erect and proud, sulkily conscious of a beauty which the rustic congregation could not understand. These three Hayes had often seen. But there was a fourth, a frail, colorless girl, burdened rather than clothed with sombre draperies of crape, pale to the very lips, and swaying languidly as she stood, who unconsciously caught his glance and held it. She suffered her head, with the little black bonnet set on the abundance of her pale hair, to droop over her Prayer-book, and she slid downward when the exhortation was ended as if she could stand no longer. The time seemed interminable to him until she rose again.

His instantaneous certainty that there was no drop of Rothwell blood in her

veins was confirmed by later inquiry. He learnt that she was distantly related to the squire's wife, and had recently lost her parents. Though she had not been left absolutely penniless, her little pittance was not enough to keep her in idleness, and she was staying at Mitchelhurst while the question of her future was debated. It was difficult to see what Minnie Newton was to do in a hard-working world. She could sink into helplessly graceful attitudes, she could watch you with a softly troubled gaze, anxious to learn what she ought to think or say; she was delicate, gentle, and very slightly educated. She had not a thought of her own, and she was pure with the kind of purity which cannot grasp the idea of evil, and fails to recognize it, unless indeed vice is going in rags and dirt to the police-station, and using shocking language by the way. Her simplicity was touching. She thought nothing of herself; she would cling to the first hand that happened to be held out to her. She might be saved by good luck, but nature had obviously designed her for a victim.

Miss Newton was polite to Mr. Hayes as to everybody else, but she was the last person at Mitchelhurst Place to suspect the little gentleman's passion. The very servants found it out, and wondered at her innocence. John Rothwell laughed.

"What a fool she is!" he said to his sister, as he stood by the window one day, and saw Hayes coming up the avenue.

"That's an undoubted fact," said the magnificent Kate.

"And what a fool he is!" John continued.

"Well, we won't quarrel about that either," she replied liberally. "They will be all the better matched."

"Matched?" said Rothwell. "No."

She looked up hastily.

"Eh?" she said. "Not matched? And why not?"

Instead of answering, he deliberately lighted a cigarette and smoked, gazing darkly at her.

Kate shrugged her shoulders.

"What difference can it possibly make to you?"

He took his cigarette from his lips and looked at it.

"It will make a difference to him," he said at last.

The bell rang, and the knocker added its emphatic summons. One of Rothwell's dogs began to bark. Kate had risen, and stood with her eyes fixed on her brother's face.

"It would be a very good thing for the girl," she remarked meditatively. "I don't see what is to become of her, poor thing, unless she marries."

"Damn him!" said Rothwell.

The answer was not so irrelevant as it appeared. His gaze was as steady as Kate's own, and seemed to prolong his words as a singer prolongs a note. She drew her brows together, as if perplexed.

"Well," she said, turning away, "I must go and look after our lovers!"

"And I," he said.

The dapper, contented little man had done Rothwell no harm, but the young fellow cherished a black hatred, born of the dulness of his vacant life. Hayes, without being rich, was very comfortably off, and he was apt to betray the fact with innocent ostentation. A sovereign was less to him than a shilling to John Rothwell, and it seemed to the latter that he could always hear the gold chinking when Hayes talked. One could do so much with a sovereign, and so little with a shilling. Rothwell was hungry, with a hunger which only just fell short of being a literal fact, and he had to stand by, with his hands in his empty pockets, while Hayes could have good dinners, good wine, good clothes, good horses, whatever he liked in the way of pleasure — and was "such a contemptible little cad with it all," the young man snarled. His own poverty would have been more bearable had it not been for his neighbor's ease and security. And now, Heaven be praised! — Heaven? — the prosperous man had set his heart on this white-faced, fair-haired, foolish girl who was under the roof of Mitchelhurst Place, and for once he should be baffled.

Rothwell set to work with evil ingenuity — it seemed almost fiendish, but, really, he had nothing else to do — to ruin Hayes's chance of success. But for him it must have been almost a certainty. Kate was inclined to favor the suitor. The old squire disliked him, perhaps with a little of his son's feeling, but would have been very well satisfied to see the girl provided for. And Minnie Newton was there for any man, who had a will of his own, and was not absolutely repulsive, to take if he pleased. The course of true love seemed about to run with perfect smoothness till young Rothwell stepped in and troubled it.

Mockery, not slander, was his weapon. As Miss Newton idled over her embroidery he would lounge near her and make little jests about Hayes's age, size, and

manners. She listened with a troubled face. Of course Mr. Rothwell was talking very cleverly, and she tried not to remember that she had found Mr. Hayes very kind and pleasant when he called the day before. Of course it was absurd that a man of that age should want to be taken for five-and-twenty — yes, and he had a *very* ridiculous way of putting his head on one side like a bird — when Mr. Rothwell had insisted on having her opinion, she had said, "Yes, it was *very* ridiculous" — and a gentleman, a real gentleman, would not talk so much about his money, and what he could do with it — Mr. Rothwell said so, and he certainly knew. And as she had agreed to it she supposed it was quite right that he should repeat this at dinner time, as if it were her own remark, though she wished he wouldn't, because his father turned sharply and looked at her. But, no doubt, Mr. Hayes did look absurdly small by the side of John Rothwell, and there was something common in his manners. Many people might think they were all very well, but a lady would feel that there was something wanting. And so on, and so on, till she began to ask herself what John Rothwell would say of her if, after all this, she showed more than the coldest civility to Mr. Hayes.

Kate perfectly understood the position of affairs, but did not choose openly to oppose her brother. If Hayes would have come and carried Minnie off, young Lochinvar fashion, she would have been secretly pleased. As it was, she was contemptuously kind to the girl, and if the little suitor met the two young women in the village, Miss Rothwell shook hands and looked away. Once she found herself some business to do at the Mitchelhurst shop, and sent Minnie home, lest she should be out too long in the December cold. She had spied Herbert Hayes coming along the street, and had rightly guessed that he would see and pursue the slim, black-clothed figure. And, indeed, he used his walk with Miss Newton to such good purpose that he might have won her promise then and there if a tall young man had not suddenly sprung over a stile and confronted them. Minnie fairly cowered in embarrassment as she met Rothwell's meaning glance, which assumed that she would be delighted to be rid of a bore, and she suffered him to give her his arm and to take her home, leaving poor Hayes to feel very small indeed as he stood in the middle of the road. He tried a letter, but it only called

forth a little feebly penned word of refusal as faint as an echo.

Hayes never suspected the young man's deliberate malice. He fancied the old squire, if anybody, was his enemy; but he was more inclined to set the difficulty down to the Rothwells' notorious pride than to any special ill-will to himself.

"No one is good enough for them, curse them!" he said over the little note. "They won't give me a chance of winning her. I'm not beaten yet though!"

But he was. Early in January Minnie Newton took cold, drooped in the chilly dreariness of the old house, and died before the spring came in.

One day Kate Rothwell came upon Hayes as he lingered, a melancholy little figure, by the girl's grave.

"Ah, Miss Rothwell," he said, looking up at her, "I wanted to have had the right to care for her and mourn her, but it was not to be!"

"No," said Kate. "I'm sorry," she added, after a moment. It was just at the time when she herself was about to defy all the barren traditions of the Rothwells to marry Sidney Harding with his brilliant prospects of wealth. Harding's half-brother, who had made the great business, was pleased with the match, and promised Sidney a partnership in a couple of years. Everything was bright for Kate, and she could afford a regretful thought to poor Hayes. "I'm sorry," she said.

Her voice was hard, but the slightest proffer of sympathy was enough. "Ah! I knew you wished me well — God bless you!" said the little man, "and help you as you would have helped me!"

Perhaps Kate Rothwell felt that at that rate Providence would not take any very active interest in her affairs. She turned aside impatiently. "Pray keep your thanks for some one who deserves them, Mr. Hayes. I don't."

"You could not do anything, but I know you were good to *her*. She told me, that afternoon —" He spoke in just the proper tone of emotion.

"Nonsense!" Kate answered sharply. "How could she? there was nothing to tell." Mr. Hayes might well say, even a quarter of a century later, that Miss Rothwell had an unpleasant manner.

Nevertheless she held a place in that idealized picture of his love which in his old age served him for a memory. In Sidney Harding's death, within a year of the marriage, he saw a kindred stroke to that which had robbed him of his own hope, and he never thought of Kate with-

out a touch of sentimental loyalty. When he met Kate's son that October afternoon with the familiar face and voice, on his way to Mitchelhurst, he had felt that, Rothwell though he was, he must be welcomed for his mother's sake. And yet it had almost seemed as if it were John Rothwell himself come back to sneer in a new fashion.

How came he to be so evidently poor while old Harding was rolling in wealth? Mr. Hayes, sitting over the fire, wondered at this failure of Kate's hopes. People had called it a fair exchange, her old name for the Hardings' abundance of newly coined gold. But where was the gold? Plainly not in this young Harding's pockets. What did he do for a living? Why was he not in his uncle's office, a man of business with the world before him? There was no stamp of success about this listless, long-legged fellow, who had come, as hopeless as any Rothwell, to linger about that scene of slow decay. "He'll do no good," said Mr. Hayes to himself, stirring up a cheerful blaze.

CHAPTER VI.

REYNOLD'S RESOLUTION.

MEANWHILE the young people had passed through the great gate and turned to the right. "Do you mind which way you go?" Barbara asked, and Reynold replied that he left it entirely to her. "Then," she said, "we will go this way, and come back by the village; you will get a better view so."

At first, however, it seemed that a view was the one thing which was certainly not to be had in the road they had chosen. On their left was a tangled hedge, on their right a dank and dripping plantation of firs. The slim, straight stems, seen one beyond another, conveyed to Reynold the impression of a melancholy crowd, pressing silently to the boundary of the road on which he walked. It was one of those fantastic pictures which reveal themselves in unfamiliar landscapes, and Barbara, who had seen the wood under a score of varying aspects, took no especial heed of this one, as she picked her way daintily by the young man's side. Indeed she did not even note the moment when the trees were succeeded by a turnip-field, lying wide and wet under the pale sky. But when in its turn the field gave place to an open gateway and a drive full of deep ruts, in which the water stood, she paused. "You see that house?" she said.

It was evident from its surroundings of soaked yard, miscellaneous buildings, dirty tumbrils, and clustered stacks, that it was a farmhouse. Harding looked at it and turned inquiringly to her. "It was much larger once," said Barbara. "Part of it was pulled down a long while ago. Your people lived here before they built Mitchelhurst Place."

He pushed out his lower lip. "Well," he said, "I think they showed their good taste in getting out of this."

"But it was better then," said the girl. "And even now, sometimes in the spring when I come here for cowslips —"

She stopped short, for he was smiling. "Oh, no doubt! Everything looks better then. But I have come too late." He had to step aside as he spoke to let a manure cart go by, laboring along the miry way. "And what do you call this house?" he asked.

"Mitchelhurst Hall. I don't think there is anything much to see, but if you would like to look over it or to walk round it —"

"No, thank you; I am content." He took off his hat in mocking homage to the home of the Rothwells, and turned to go. "And have you any more decayed residences to show me, Miss Strange?"

"Only some graves," she answered simply.

"Oh, they are all graves!" said Harding with his short laugh, swinging his umbrella as they resumed their walk. Already Barbara had become accustomed to that little jarring laugh, which had no merriment in it. She did not like it, but she was curiously impressed by it. When the young man was grave and stiff and shy she was sorry for him; she remembered that he was only Mr. Reynold Harding, their guest for a week. But when he was sufficiently at his ease to laugh she felt as if all the Rothwells were mocking, and she were the interloper and inferior.

"I suppose it does seem like that to you — as if they were all graves," she said timidly, as she led the way across the road to a gate in the tangled hedge; the field into which it led sloped steeply down. "That is what people call the best view of Mitchelhurst," she explained.

To the left was Mitchelhurst Place, gaunt and white among its warped and weather-beaten trees. Before them lay the dotted line of Mitchelhurst Street, and they looked down into the square cabbage-plots. The sails of the windmill swung heavily round, and the smoke went up

from the blacksmith's forge. To the right was the church, with its thick-set tower, and the sun shining feebly on the wet surface of its leaden roof. Barbara pointed out a small, oblong patch of grass and evergreens as the vicarage garden, while a bare building, of the rawest red brick, was the Mitchelhurst workhouse. The view was remarkably comprehensive. Mitchelhurst lay spread below them in small and melancholy completeness.

"Yes, it's all there, right enough," said Reynold, leaning on the gate. "An excellent view. All there, from the Place where my people spent their money, to the workhouse, where — By Jove!" his voice dropped suddenly, "I'm not Rothwell enough to have a right to be taken into the Mitchelhurst workhouse! They'd send me on somewhere, I suppose. I wonder which they would call my parish!"

"Are you sorry?" Barbara asked, after a pause.

"Sorry not to be in the workhouse?" indicating it with a slight movement of his finger. "No, not particularly."

"I didn't mean that," said the girl, a little shortly. "I meant, of course, are you sorry you are not a Rothwell?"

"I don't know."

He spoke slowly, half reluctantly, and still leaned on the gate, with his eyes wandering from point to point of the little landscape, which was softened and saddened by the pale light and paler haze of October. It was Barbara who finally broke the silence. "You didn't like the house this morning, and you didn't like the old hall just now, so I thought most likely you wouldn't care for this."

"Well, it isn't beautiful," he replied, without turning his head. "Do you care much about it, Miss Strange? Why should anybody care about it? There are wonderful places in the world — beautiful places full of sunshine. Why should we trouble ourselves about this little grey and green island where we happened to be born? And what are these few acres in it more than any other bit of ploughed land and meadow?"

"I thought you didn't care for it," said Barbara sagely. "I thought you scorned it."

"Scorn it — I can't scorn it! It isn't mine!" He turned away from it, as if in a sudden movement of impatience, and lounged with his back to the gate. "It's like my luck!" he said, kicking a stone in the road.

Barbara was interested. Harding's

tone revealed the strength and bitterness of his feelings. He had never seemed to her so much of a Rothwell as he did at that moment. "What is like your luck?" she ventured to ask.

He jerked his head in the direction of Mitchelhurst. "I may as well be honest," he said. "Honest with myself—if I can! Look there—I have mocked at that place all my life; from very shame's sake I have kept away from it because I had vowed I didn't care whether one stone of it was left upon another. What was it to me? I am not a Rothwell. I'm Reynold Harding, son of Sidney Harding, son of Reynold Harding—there my pedigree grows vague. My grandfather is an important man—we can't get beyond him. He died while my father was in petticoats. He was a pork-butcher in a small way. I believe he could write his name—my name—and that he always declared that his father was a Reynold too. But we don't know anything about my great-grandfather—perhaps he was a pork-butcher in a smaller way. My uncle Robert went to London as a boy and made all the money, pensioned his father, and afterwards educated his half-brother Sidney, who was twenty years younger than himself. He would have made my father his partner if he had lived. If my father had lived I might have been rich. As it is, I'm not rich, and I'm not a Rothwell."

"Well, you look like one!" said Barbara. She was not very wise. It seemed to her a cruel thing that this earlier Reynold should have been a pork-butcher—a misfortune on which she would not comment. She looked up at the younger Reynold with the sincerest sympathy shining in her eyes, and in an unreasoning fashion of her own took part with him and with the old family, as if his grandfather were an unwarranted intruder who had thrust himself into their superior society. "You look like one!" she exclaimed, and Reynold smiled.

"And after all," she said, pursuing her train of thought, "you are half Rothwell, you know. As much Rothwell as Harding, are you not?"

He was still smiling. "True. But that is a kind of thing which doesn't do by halves."

She assented with a sigh. She had never before talked to a man whose grandfather was a pork-butcher, and she did not know what consolation to offer. She could only look shyly and wistfully at Mr. Harding, as he leaned against the

gate with his back to the prospect, while she resolved that she would never tell her uncle. She did not think her companion less interesting after the revelation. This discord, this irony of fate, this mixing of the blood of the Rothwells and the small tradesman, seemed to her to explain much of young Harding's sullen discontent. He was the last descendant of the old family of which she had dreamed so often, and he was the victim of an unmerited wrong. She wanted him to say more. "And you wouldn't come to Mitchelhurst before?" she said suggestively.

"No; but the thought of the place was pulling at me all the time. I couldn't get rid of it. And so—here I am! And I have seen the dream of my life face to face—it's behind my back just at this minute, but I can see it as well as if I were looking at it. I'm very grateful to you for showing me this view, Miss Strange, but you'll excuse me if I don't turn round while I speak of it?"

"Oh, yes," said Barbara wonderingly.

He had his elbows on the top rail of the gate, and looked downward at the muddy way, rough with the hoof-marks of cattle. "You see," he explained, "I want to say the kind of thing one says behind a—a landscape's back."

"I'm sorry to hear it," she answered. She had drawn a little to one side, and had laid a small gloved hand on one of the gate-posts. Somebody, many years before, had deeply cut a clumsy M on the cracked and roughened surface of the wood. The letter was as grey and as weather-worn as the rest. Barbara touched it delicately with a finger-tip, and followed its ungainly outline. Probably it was his own initial that the rustic had hacked, standing where she stood, but she recognized the possibility that the rough carving might be the utterance of the great secret of joy and pain, and the touch was almost a caress.

"Some people follow their dreams through life, and never get more than a glimpse of them, even as dreams," said Harding slowly. "Well, I have seen mine. I have had a good look at it. I know what it is like. It is dreary—it is narrow—cold—hideous."

"Oh!" cried Barbara, as if his words hurt her. Then, recovering herself, "I'm sorry you dislike it so much. Well, you must give it up, mustn't you?"

He laughed. "Life without a fancy, without a desire!" he said.

"Find something else to wish for."

"What? If there were anything else,

should I care twopence for Mitchelhurst? No, it is my dream still — a dream I'm never likely to realize, but the only possible dream for me. Only now I know how poor and dull my highest success would be."

"You had better have stayed away," said the girl.

He took his elbows off the gate, and bowed in acknowledgment of the polite speech. "Oh, you know what I mean," she said hurriedly.

"Yes, I know. And, except for the kindness of your fairy godmother, I believe you are perfectly right. *That* of course, is a different question."

Barbara would not answer what she fancied might be a sneer. "You see the place at its worst," she said, "and there is nobody to care for it; everything is neglected and going to ruin. Don't you think it would be different if it belonged to some one who loved it? Why don't you make your fortune," she exclaimed, with sanguine, bright-eyed directness, as if the fortune were an easy certainty, "and come back and set everything right? Don't you think you could care for Mitchelhurst if —"

She would have finished her sentence readily enough, but Reynold caught it up.

"If!" he said, with a sudden startled significance in his tone. Then, with an air of prompt deference, "Shall I go and make the fortune at once, Miss Strange? Shall I? Yes, I think I could care for Mitchelhurst, as you say, *if* —" He smiled. "One might do much with a fortune, no doubt."

"Make it then," said Barbara, conscious of a faint and undefined embarrassment.

"Must it be a very big one?"

"Oh, I think it may as well be a tolerable size, while you are about it. Hadn't we better be moving on?"

Mr. Harding assented. "Where are we going now?"

"To the church. That is, if you care to go there."

"Oh, I like to go very much. I wonder what you would call a tolerable fortune," he said in a meditative tone.

"My opinion doesn't matter."

"But you are going to wish me success while I am away making it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"That will be a help," he said gravely. "I shan't look for an omen in the sky just now — do you see how threatening it is out yonder?"

The clouds rolled heavily upwards, and massed themselves above their heads as they hastened down a steep lane which brought them out by the church. Barbara stopped at the clerk's cottage for a ponderous key, and then led the way through a little creaking gate. The path along which they went was like a narrow ditch, the mould, heaped high on either side, seemed as if it were burdened with its imprisoned secrets. The undulating graves, overgrown with coarse grasses, rose up, wave-like, against the buttressed walls of the churchyard, high above the level of the outer road. The church itself looked as if it had been dug out of the sepulchral earth, so closely was it surrounded by these shapeless mounds. Barbara, to whom the scene was nothing new, and who was eager to escape the impending shower, flitted, alive, warm, and young, through all this cold decay, and never heeded it. Harding followed her, looking right and left. They passed under two dusky yew-trees, and then she thrust her big key into the lock of the south door.

"Are my people buried in the churchyard?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed reverentially.

"Your people are all inside."

He stepped in, but when he was about to close the door he stood for a moment, gazing out through the low-browed arch. It framed a picture of old-fashioned headstones fallen all aslant, nettles flourishing upon forgotten graves, the trunks of the great yews, the weed-grown crest of the churchyard wall, defined with singular clearness upon a wide band of yellow sky. The gathered tempest hung above, and its deepening menace intensified the pale tranquillity of the horizon. "I say," said Harding as he turned away, "it's going to pour, you know!"

"Well, we are under shelter," Barbara answered cheerfully, as she laid her key on the edge of one of the pews. "If it clears up again so that we get back in good time it won't matter a bit. And anyhow we've got umbrellas. The font is very old, they say."

Harding obediently inspected the font.

"And there are two curious inscriptions on tablets on the north wall. Mr. Pryor — he's the vicar — is always trying to read them. Do you know much about such things?"

"Nothing at all."

"Oh!" in a tone of disappointment. "I'm afraid you wouldn't get on with Mr. Pryor then."

"I'm afraid not."

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to look at them."

"Oh, let us look, by all means."

They walked together up the aisle. "I don't care about them," said Barbara, "but I suppose Mr. Pryor would die happy if he could make them out."

"Then I suspect he is happy meanwhile, though perhaps he doesn't know it," Reynold replied, looking upward at the half-effaced lettering.

"He can read some of it," said the girl, "but nobody can make out the interesting part."

Harding laughed, under his breath. Their remarks had been softly uttered ever since the closing of the door had shut them in to the imprisoned silence. He moved noiselessly a few steps further, and looked round.

From The Nineteenth Century.

WHAT DO THE IRISH READ?

IRISHMEN who return to their country after a few years' absence cannot fail to see, as one of the most noticeable changes, an extension of popular literature; a great increase in the number of readers, not, however, in the upper or middle classes, but in the lower classes—that is, lower as far as the possession of pounds, shillings, and pence is concerned. In a recent article in the *London Reader*, some statements were quoted from the reports of the United States Bureau of Education, showing the comparative statistics of education in some of the principal countries in the world, wherein Ireland heads the list, the United States comes second, Germany third, then Switzerland, then England, France, etc. Whether those statistics be correct or not, and whether or not the inference of the editor of the *London Reader* be adopted, that Ireland is the least ignorant country in the world, there is no doubt that the reading public in Ireland is comparatively large. Nor can there be any doubt that the increase of readers is mainly in the class who, with an extension of the franchise, will get a voting power they do not now possess. That being so, it may be worth while inquiring, What do they read? Looking at a few rough notes—rough, and very imperfect indeed—a sort of answer to that question, though by no means a complete answer, may be given.

Last year a trout-fisher who was wandering on the banks of the Clashmore, a

few miles above its junction with the Blackwater, turned into a cottage from a shower of rain and found an old woman listening to a girl reading some verses.

"It's Mr. T. D. Sullivan's 'Green Leaves,' sir," said the daughter, in reply to a question; "my brother bought it three weeks ago in Youghal for a shilling."

"And what part do you like best?"

"Well then, sir, I was just repeating about the lord and the moon, the lord who said we might as well ask for the moon as ask for Repeal. My mother has a great fancy for it; it makes her laugh."

As the book was being looked through, the girl added, "There are other songs I prefer myself, though."

Here are some lines from the old woman's favorite, being Mr. Sullivan's rejoinder to what was said by an eminent member of the Cabinet, and, possibly, a future premier:—

So we might as well ask for the moon, my lord;

You think we would get it as soon, my lord;

But there you are wrong,

And we'll teach you ere long

How to sing to a different tune, my lord.

And now, if you speeched yourself hoarse, my lord,

We tell you your laws and your force, my lord,

Are no way like those

That, everyone knows,

Retain the sweet moon in its course, my lord.

You oft put your back to the wall, my lord,

And said that the heavens should fall, my lord,

Ere Ireland should get

What she sought for, and yet

We carried our point after all, my lord.

And then when our freedom is won, my lord,

Your land will be second to none, my lord,

In giving applause

To our glory-crowned cause,

And in shouting, "Old Ireland, well done!" my lord.

The visitor hinted to the daughter of the house that she probably preferred the verses further on, relating to an approaching marriage. "No, indeed, sir," she replied, "there are poems about exiles I rather read." And she added, "Not altogether of our own times either: 'Saint Columba in Exile' and 'O'Neill in Rome,' I like them very much."

In what professes to be a translation of a Gaelic poem by St. Columba, these lines occur:—

But yet with such a love as mine

For Erin and her noble race,

What wonder if my heart will pine
And still fly back o'er leagues of brine
To seek that happy place?

But far from Derry, far from Kells,
And fair Raphoe, my steps must be;
The psalms from Durrow's quiet dells,
The tones of Arran's holy bells
Will sound no more for me.

In the poem describing the exiled chief
of three hundred years ago, the visitor
read these verses:—

On every side the sweet bells ring,
And faithful people bend in pray'r;
Sweet hymns, that angel choirs might sing,
And loud hosannas fill the air.
His place is with the princely crowd,
Amidst the noblest and the best;
His large white head is lowly bowed;
His hands are clasped before his breast.
But, oh! for Ireland, far away—
For Ireland, dear, with all her ills—
For mass in fair Tyrone, to-day,
Amid the circling Irish hills!

He sits, abstracted, by the board;
Old scenes are pictured in his brain—
Benburb! Armagh! the Yellow Ford!—
He fights and wins them o'er again.
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall;
Sees craven Essex basely yield;
Meets armored Segrave, gaunt and tall,
And leaves him lifeless on the field.
But, oh! for Ireland—there once more
To rouse the true men of the land,
And proudly bear from shore to shore
The banner of the blood-red hand.

To a question about the battle of the
Yellow Ford, she said she would not like
to answer, till she read a book called "The
Story of Ireland" written by the same
gentleman, Mr. Sullivan [but in that she
was mistaken, it was by his brother],
which the priest of the parish was going
to lend them.

"And the priest himself, which of the
'Green Leaves' does he fancy?"

"I don't rightly know," she replied,
"but, from something my brother said, I
think Father John turned down that page,"
and she pointed to this:—

Of two wicked brothers I'll sing you a song:
All day and all night they're at mischief and
wrong:

They are pickpockets, robbers, and murderers
as well,

And the names of the pair are XX and LL.

If you make their acquaintance, full soon you
will lack

A loaf on your board and a shirt to your back;
Your home will grow bare as a felon's dark
cell,

For that's always the work of XX and LL.

Then, young men and old men, take heed what

I say,
With your wives and your daughters keep out
of their way;

For as sure as the Evil One rules down in hell,
His captains on earth are XX and LL.

In the window-sill, next to some well-
thumbed prayer-books, was what looked
like the second volume of Mr. Sullivan's
"Green Leaves," the "Poems of Richard
Dalton Williams." The remainder of the
rather limited stock of literature con-
sisted of O'Connell's Cork "Almanack,"
a Dublin weekly publication called the
Shamrock, some not very fresh copies of
the Cork *Weekly Herald* and a supple-
ment of the *Examiner*, a newspaper also
printed in Cork. The *Shamrock*, price
one penny, contained half-a-dozen stories,
one being "To Hell or Connaught," an
Irish historical romance translated from
the French of T. Alphonse Karr, as well
as some Irish songs and sketches.

Two days after the Clashmore excu-
sion another experience of popular lit-
erary taste was gained, on calling at the
residence of the priest of a parish nearer
to Cork. The priest was not at home,
and the servant—half acolyte and half
errand-boy, not more than sixteen years
of age—who was in charge of the house,
was sitting on the doorstep absorbed in
the columns of *United Ireland*.

"You are reading one of Mr. Healy's
or Mr. Sexton's speeches, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "I skip the
speeches; stories and poetry are what I
fancy most."

"And is this tale, 'Dark Rosaleen, a
Romance of Irish Latter Life,' very inter-
esting?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Do you know who wrote the verse
quoted at the head of the chapter:—

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal?"

He smiled and said, "I do well, sir;
Clarence Mangan, of course: I know his
'Dark Rosaleen' by heart."

"Do you remember the first verse?"

Without a moment's hesitation he re-
peated these lines:—

O my Dark Rosaleen,

Do not sigh, do not weep!

The priests are on the ocean green,

They march along the deep.

There's wine . . . from the royal Pope

Upon the ocean green;

And Spanish ale shall give you hope,

My Dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen.

"In those days," said the boy, "the pope sent assistance to Ireland." There was a pause, and then he added, "I like the two last verses :—

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills !
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen !

O ! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal, and slogan cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen !"

"Do you remember any other of Mangan's poems?"

"Yes, sir, that's a fine poem where John MacDonnell sees in a dream the guardian spirit of Erin,—

With features beyond the poet's pen,
The sweetest, saddest features.

The lamentation of MacLiag for Kin-cora :—

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
Who plundered no churches and broke no trust.

When I see the ruined abbeys and castles
I whisper that lamentation to myself," said the boy. "But there is something more grand still," he continued, "in 'A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century.'"

"You have a copy of Mangan's poems, of course?" he was asked.

"No sir, I picked up these few bits from the 'Irish Penny Readings' and MacCarthy's 'Book of Irish Ballads,' not the historian, but Denis Florence. As I know you are a friend of his reverence, sir, I can get you a peep at the 'Book of Ballads;' but," he added pausing, "I suppose you know it well." He stepped into the parlor and returned with one of

Duffy's "Irish Library," which he held open, repeating :—

'Twas then the time,
We were in the days
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

This is the first verse of the vision that the young boy had referred to :—

I walked entranced
Through a land of morn ;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land ;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

This is the fifth and last verse :—

I again, walked forth,
But lo ! the sky
Showed flecked with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, a skeleton !
It was by the stream
Of the castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand !

"I am told he died some years ago, very poor," said the boy in a sad voice. "I do not rightly know," he continued, "whether he was related to Mr. Mangan the watchmaker in Patrick Street; if so, he was a Protestant. But whether he was a Protestant or a Catholic, I hope he is in heaven. May the Lord preserve him!" What I lately saw in the "Penny Readings" shows his Irish spirit to the last :—

My countrymen ! my words are weak,
My health is gone, my soul is dark,
My heart is chill ;

Yet would I fain and fondly seek
To see you borne in freedom's bark.

This boy of sixteen, recently a monitor in the national school, and now an assistant to the old woman who took care of the priest's house, how did he get this taste for Clarence Mangan's poems? As well might it be asked how did he get his Celtic nature? Why does he love his country? The visitor did not speculate on this, for he had some slight knowledge of his own race; but some months after he was reminded of the incident by seeing how an eminent *littérateur* and statesman, not free from the responsibility of trying

to understand Irishmen, had told the House of Commons that Mangan's poetry is for mature years only.

The priest, who had gone on a distant call, could not be seen that day, but meeting his visitor the following week in the county town he said, "So you heard a recitation lately, when waiting for me." And in reply to a remark, he added, "The boy is like many others in the parish. His literary tastes are cultivated mainly in the Land League Rooms. For certain reasons I don't go there myself; perhaps I am one of the silent foundation stones. He goes on an evening, and next day I hear snatches of verses of Moore, Ferguson, or Davis, and it all ends in borrowing a volume to be read in the kitchen or the garden."

In the course of some further explanations "the silent foundation stone" said, "The Land League Rooms, or National League Rooms, as they are now, of 1883, are the true heirs at-law of Thomas Davis's reading-rooms of forty years ago with this difference, that they have plenty of readers — readers of pure, vigorous, national literature — readers such as Davis yearned for."

He volunteered some information about the Catholic Young Men's Societies, which he called "our civic academies of nationality."

In spite of the influence of some eminent person whom, he said, "the 'Catholic Layman' is showing up in the *Nation*," and of one or two others who whisper, "No politics — this is purely a Catholic society," the library and reading-room of the Young Men's Society have taught the young clerks and well-to-do artisans ten times more about Irish history, poetry, and biography than was known to all the *habitués* of the fashionable clubs on the Grand Parade and South Mall, where the upper and middle-class Catholics may be seen. He wound up by saying:—

"If you go by the test of literary taste and knowledge, those working men of the country reading-rooms and these shop boys and clerks of the city are no longer the lower classes. The young gentlemen educated at Oscott or Stonyhurst — sons of pious fathers and mothers — young gentlemen who may be seen in the smoking-room of the Munster Club, or at the races, or emulating the style of some of the military mashers, these are not nowadays — from a literary point of view — our upper or middle-class youth."

In reply to an inquiry as to what histories are generally read in the Catholic

Young Men's Society, one of the office-bearers mentioned the Abbé MacGeoghegan's "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Treaty of Limerick," with John Mitchell's continuation; D'Arcy McGee's "History of Ireland to the Emancipation of the Catholics;" Duffy's "Four Years of Irish History," with the preceding fragment, "Young Ireland;" A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland;" Justin H. McCarthy's "Outline of Irish History;" Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century;" Walpole's "History of Ireland to the Union;" O'Callaghan's "History of the Irish Brigade in France;" Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" — these are the most read; but the works of Macaulay, Hallam, Froude, with Father Tom Burke's "Refutation of Froude," are read also. In biography, Madden's "Lives of the United Irishmen," "The Life and Times of Henry Grattan," Moore's "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," Wolfe Tone's "Memoirs," Mitchell's "Jail Journal," Maguire's "Father Mathew," seem to be favorites.

The Irish history that has the widest circulation is written by two men, the union of whose literary work is characteristic of the national spirit — the Royalist priest who was chaplain to James the Second's army, and the Ulster Protestant who was transported to Bermuda in 1848. The two histories that come next in popular favor are significant of how widespread throughout the world is the growth of Irish national literature — one is by a late minister of Canada, the other by the ex-premier of Victoria.

In another county, at one of the cattle fairs, the countryman who has sold a few pigs may be seen buying a small book or two. A similar purchase having been made by an idler who was strolling through the fair, he found he had got, for one halfpenny, "The Brian Boru Song-Book." The sixteen pages of this evidently very popular publication are in a bright-colored cover, showing an Irish horse-soldier of the eleventh century galloping across a plain on which stands a round tower. The first song is Moore's "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave." Here the Munster farmer can read:—

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?

Moore also contributes "Silent, O

Moyle! be the Roar of thy Water," a song whose political meaning the quick-witted peasant is not slow to discover. The other melodies of Moore in this little collection are "Before the Battle," "Oh, where's the Slave so lowly," "Go where Glory waits thee," "It is not the Tear at this Moment shed," "Avenging and bright fall the swift Sword of Erin," "Through Grief and through Danger thy Smile hath cheer'd my Way," and "Sublime was the Warning which Liberty spoke." Mingled with these are songs but little known to literary men in England, such as — "Rory of the Hills," by Charles Kickham, and "The Flag of Ireland," by J. Downey; "On Hearing the Harp," "I Love my Land," and "They Died for Erin's Glory," by anonymous writers. There also are songs such as "The Eve of Benburb," recalling episodes in Irish history that the long-memoried people cherish.

Those who could afford to spend more than a halfpenny on a collection of poetry, were seen carrying away "The Harp of Tara Song-Book." This extends to sixty-four closely printed pages, with a colored cover showing a venerable minstrel striking the harp in the presence of an Irish king and the ladies and chiefs of the olden time, — the picture being evidently drawn by an artist who had studied the details as to the costumes and social habits of the past. This little volume cost three-pence. Here again the opening song is one of Moore's, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." Apart from Moore's, how few of the one hundred and six songs in this book have been seen by the ordinary English student of political literature!

And yet it has an immense sale. There is not a parish in Ireland in which some of its songs are not heard. This three-penny book differs from the shilling volumes of James Duffy's "Irish Library," started in the last generation by Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy, mainly in its far more extensive circulation. There is another difference between it and the Young Ireland literature: it is not printed and published with the object of instructing and guiding the reading public. It is produced as a commercial speculation to suit the taste of the readers. Hence those who desire to know what the vast mass of the Irish reading public care to read, what verses they sing, in what literary atmosphere the Irish child is reared, would do well to glance through the pages of "The Harp of Tara Song-Book."

In the first place it will be noticed that,

in common with similar publications of late years, it omits any attempt at uniting Orange and Green. When the Young Irelanders of thirty years ago republished Colonel Blacker's "Battle of the Boyne," and Dr. Starkey's "Ballad on the Death of Schomberg," and when Davis himself sang "Orange and Green will carry the Day" — all this was done to try to teach the people something they utterly repudiated, something that was a kind of historic survival of dead Whiggery. O'Connell had also made a similar effort and with a like result. But in this little volume, which is racy of the soil, no such hypocrisy is to be found. The publisher has discovered what sells, and he prints accordingly. What does he print? Turning over the pages is seen a ballad entitled "Rising of the Young Men of Connaught, A.D. 1248." This ballad is prefaced by a few lines from an Irish history describing a defeat sustained by the English of the Pale six hundred years ago when they were driven out of the Western Province by Hugh O'Connor. After a score of verses describing the call to arms and the victory, the ballad ends thus: —

Bonfires light the Coirrslieve mountains —
Bonfires light Roscommon's plains;
From the Gap to steep Slieve Boughta,
Nought but merry-making reigns.

For the Sassenach is routed,
And his iron reign is past,
And the rightful lords of Connaught
Have their long-lost right at last.

On another page is a ballad called "The Christmas of the Past." This is stated to be an incident of the sixteenth century. The scene is laid as described by the author, "In a peasant's cottage: a young wife addresses her husband on returning from battle, A.D. 1599." The verses refer to a victory of Hugh O'Neill over Queen Elizabeth's troops.

On the preceding page is a song in praise of Owen Roe O'Neill, the successful Irish general of the time of Charles the First. Further on is a ballad, "The Blacksmith of Limerick," in which Sarsfield's defeat, in 1690, of "The Dutchman's Murdering Crew" is described. The same ever-popular theme is also found in a song called "God bless our Irish Girls," in which the repulse of William's assault on the walls of Limerick is referred to. A ballad on the "Irish Bards" goes farther back than the days of the Stuarts: —

When our chieftains broke from Henry's yoke
 what sharpened their battle swords
 To strike for their right with courage and
 might? 'Twas the songs of our brave
 old bards

More general historic allusions are
 found in the song "Musings in the Abbey
 Ruins," where we are told how

Fair Science of old in these cloisters dwelt,
 She was wooed and won by the sainted Celt,
 And her lamp in our land long burned.

But those grand old homes where the good
 saints prayed
 By the hand of the spoiler were prostrate laid,
 And the martyrs found homes in heaven.
 And their goods and their lands from the poor
 withdrawn
 Were settled by law on the saints in lawn.

Similar memories are revived in the
 poem called "Remembered:"—

On sculptured cross with rime of ages hoary,
 In the sequestered wells her saints have
 blest,
 He saw revealings of the distant glory,
 When she, the sanctuary of the West,
 Shone like a star.

From the first line in this volume, —
 The harp that once through Tara's halls,

to the last verses, called "The Spirit of
 the Times," there is, in fact, that sort of
 epitome of Irish history which, long be-
 fore such books could be seen in cottages,
 was handed down by tradition from father
 to son.

But though mainly historic, these pages
 have several references to the present
 day. Mr. T. D. Sullivan's "God save
 Ireland," and the two anonymous poems,
 "The Martyred Three," and the "Mar-
 tyrs' Day," refer to the executions at
 Manchester in 1867. "They own but a
 Tenth of the Land" tells its own tale.
 But none of the references to the land
 question, in this or any other Irish popu-
 lar publication, favors Mr. George's plan.
 Other verses, "The Meeting of the Ex-
 iles," "Join together hand in hand," deal
 with scenes in the United States. A
 "Requiem for the Irish Brigade" shows
 that a second Irish Brigade has got into
 the national mind, and shares in popu-
 larity with the ever-popular songs of
 Davis: "Fontenoy," "The Death of Sars-
 field," and "Clare's Dragoons." The first
 verses of the requiem describe the mass
 for the dead; the last lines are: —

Ye widowed and stricken,
 Your trustfulness quicken,

With faith in the Almighty Giver;
 And may blessed repose
 Be the guerdon of those
 Who fell at Antietam and James River;
 By the Rappahannock and Chickahominy;
 Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!
 May their souls on the Judgment Day arise,
 Et lux perpetua luceat eis!

Similar publications, but better printed
 and costing sixpence or sevenpence each,
 are now constantly met with: "The Exile
 of Ireland Song-Book," "The Green Flag
 Song-Book," "Irish Poems and Legends"
 by T. C. Irwin, "John K. Casey's Poems,"
 "Poems of Richard Dalton Williams,"
 and the three octavo volumes called
 "Penny Readings for the Irish People."

The poems of Williams (well known
 as "Shamrock" of the *Nation*) are seen
 in every bookshop, and duplicate copies
 in the National League reading-rooms;
 some of his poems are patriotic, some
 humorous, some intensely religious. His
 national verses are mainly historic: "The
 Battle of Clontarf," "The Munster War
 Song," "The Patriot Brave," "The Pass
 of Plumes." One of his Young Ireland
 songs is often recited, the song beginning

Steady! host of freedom, steady!
 Ponder, gather, watch, mature.

Following his "Lament for Thomas
 Davis" (the gifted Protestant leader of
 the Young Ireland party) comes the
 "Hymn of St. Brigid," "Stabat Mater,"
 "Before the Blessed Sacrament," and
 "Kyrie Eleison."

But perhaps the favorite of the reading-
 rooms, whether the National League read-
 ing-rooms of the rural parishes, or the
 Catholic Young Men's Societies' reading-
 rooms in the towns, is a book called
 "Penny Readings for the Irish People."
 This compilation has now reached three
 small octavo volumes of about three hun-
 dred pages each. The first volume opens
 with an essay on the poetry and music of
 Ireland. The author, Mr. Henry Giles,
 thus introduces his subject: —

Ireland is a land of poetry. It is a country of
 tradition, of meditation, and of great idealism.
 Monuments of war, princedom, and religion
 cover the surface of the land. The meanest
 man lingers under the shadow of piles which
 tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He
 toils in the field with structures before him
 through which echoes the voice of centuries —
 to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars,
 and of saints.

Who are the scholars whose writings
 are to be found in these volumes? Of
 course Thomas Davis, Sir Charles Gavan

Duffy, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and other well-known writers of the Young Ireland party, are there. But these "Penny Readings" bring other Irish scholars to the fireside of the Irish peasant, Jonathan Swift, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, and Sheridan. The extracts from Swift and Burke uphold the general principles of human freedom and the particular doctrine of Irish legislative independence. Though mostly written in England, it is only in Ireland that any part of the political writings of Swift and Burke are now read as popular literature. Extracts from the writings of Irish scholars of a different class are also found in those "Penny Readings," Eugene O'Curry on "Ancient Irish Learning;" Dr. Petrie on "Early Irish Churches;" Dr. Sigerson on "The Habits and Social Condition of the Ancient Irish." In those pages are also stories by Banim, Carleton, Gerald Griffin, and Charles Lever. Specimens of Irish oratory are likewise provided for recitation classes from the speeches of Burke, Grattan, Curran, T. F. Meagher and O'Connell.

Such are the books read by the Irish to-day. Nor is it in Ireland only that such books are read by the Irish.

Last year some Irish bishops happened to meet at Harrogate with a pious English Catholic who was deploring the influence on the rising generation of the National League, when one of the prelates remarked, "You know as little about what the boys read in the League rooms as you do of the Brehon laws!" He added, "The Irish national literature that has found its way across the Channel, and into the religious and social life of the poor, is some small antidote to the printed poison sold in the great towns here. What did a friend of mine see in Birkenhead early last May? A trashy and immoral 'Music Hall Song-Book' sent from Liverpool, and some illustrated publications from London—the 'Boy Burglars,' the *Police News*, and the *Freethinker*, all selling to young English artisans, whilst the Irish dock laborers and their children were crowding into the Irish National League Hall in Watson Street to listen to a paper

read by Mr. McNamara on the the 'Life and Writings of Clarence Mangan.'"

About the same time that this reference was made to the reading of Clarence Mangan's poems to the Irish in Birkenhead, the Bishop of Clonfert wrote to the secretary of the Southwark Junior Irish Literary Club, acknowledging a contribution of 7*l.* 10*s.* for the poor in the west of Ireland, which had been collected at a recitation of national songs given by the Irish children of the Club. The bishop was made acquainted with the rules: "The subscription for each child is one penny per month." "Tickets for recitation classes threepence each." "The Child's Irish Song-Book," compiled by the Club, one penny." "Irish parents in Southwark are earnestly requested to send their children to the Club to be trained in a knowledge and love of Ireland." In thanking the children for the money they sent to the poor people in his diocese, the bishop thus wrote of "The Child's Irish Song-Book:" "I need not say how fully I appreciate the force of the influence such songs exercise in keeping alive, in the minds of the exiled children of Ireland, the memory of the past."

An English member of Parliament, who has little or nothing in the shape of such popular national literature of his own to speculate about, may ask, Do the Irish read no newspapers? No doubt they do; and the proprietors of the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Nation*, *United Ireland*, and other popular newspapers, have very substantial reasons for knowing that the Irish reading public is a large and increasing one. But the humblest "gentleman of the press" must feel some interest in seeing what the Catholic bishop calls "the memory of the past" kept alive by a national literature more truly popular than any literature of the kind in Europe. The literary man may remember what Samuel Johnson said about Ireland having been the early home of religion and learning, and he may be interested in seeing how the Irish peasant knows this and is proud of it. In other respects, also, it may have an interest for the literary man. But has it any interest for the politician? That is a question for the politician to decide.

J. POPE HENNESSY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
 'MAGDA'S COW.'

CHAPTER I.
 THE TWO REAPERS.

"Es ist ein Schnitter der heisst Tod
 Hat Gewalt vom höchsten Gott.
 Heut wetzt er das Messer
 Es schneid't schon viel besser.
 Bald wird er drein schneiden,
 Wir müssen es leiden.
 Hüte dich, schön's Blümlein!
 Hüte dich!"

Old Church Chant.

It was harvest-time, and the reapers were busy at work in the fields cutting and binding together into sheaves the golden corn-ears; carts drawn by oxen or horses were plying unceasingly to and fro, conveying the grain to the stackyard behind the great house.

Never before, since the oldest inhabitants of the village remembered, had the promise of the harvest been so rich, never had the corn-ears grown so equal and so straight, standing one near the other in close ranks like well drilled soldiers. No gaps to be seen anywhere, no deserters from this army; for this year no untimely hailstorms had stepped in to beat down their forces, no vicious rains to foster canker and mildew: each single ear stood perfect and intact, ready to burst and let fall the treasure it contained in a golden rain.

Men and women, old and young, had turned out alike to hasten the garnering of the wheat; but there was no sound of mirth or gaiety heard in the fields. Silently and sullenly the reapers plied their work, only pausing now and then to sign themselves with the cross, as the renewed tolling of a bell reached their ears.

The harvest-time is for the Polish peasant girls what the carnival season is for city damsels. Their smartest neckerchiefs, their brightest ribbons, are donned on these occasions, with here and there an autumn marigold or aster stuck in the carefully braided plaits; and thus adorned, in hand the sickle which takes the place of a fan, the Polish lass issues forth arrayed for conquest.

The corn-field offers many opportunities for rural flirtations; the rustic swain can often melt a fair one's heart by sharing her task; a draught of fresh water offered to parched lips earns grateful smiles; and while bending together over an obstreperous sheaf which cannot be fastened without assistance, many a bond for life is tied as well.

In autumn, when the garners are full, and the work is over, it is no imprudence

to take a wife, least of all on such a year as this when there is bread in plenty to spare; and thus it comes that the autumn time is a harvest-time as well for the village priest, who has plenty to do in forging the links which are to bind together for better or worse many more or less loving couples.

Yes, there would be bread in plenty this year, there was no doubt at all about that. But of what use is bread if you are not sure to be there to eat it? Viewed from the churchyard, overflowing garners seem wonderfully uninteresting; and loaves of bread, even the largest and the whitest, wake little appetite among the dead.

For another reaper was at work in this goodly harvest season, and the name of this reaper was Death.

That foul spectre called cholera had been creeping about the country, making havoc in castle and cottage, till it had reached the village of Rudniki; and once arrived here, it was in no hurry to leave the place, for this village and its surroundings seemed to please this foul spectre exceedingly well. It settled itself down here in quite a leisurely fashion, and made itself entirely at home in this village; for Rudniki was a large and well-populated village, and there was plenty of work to be done here—a goodly harvest to be reaped of swarthy men and comely women, of curly-haired children and smiling babes.

Every day the bell tolled for some new victim; strong men were stricken down in the midst of their work; mothers saw their little ones torn from their very arms: there was weeping and desolation everywhere.

A proclamation had lately been issued ordering that each corpse should be removed from the dwelling-house within a few hours of the decease, and this under pain of heavy fine. To comply with this injunction, a temporary shed had been erected on a piece of waste land outside the village, and hither the dead were carried to await their burial. As this extempore dead-house stood alone, adjoining the corn-fields, it was in full sight of the working peasants, and the tolling bell which ushered in every fresh arrival grated harshly on their ears. Small wonder then if among the reapers there was no merriment and no singing, no joyous harvest-songs to be heard this year, no tender dramas played among the sheltering corn-sheaves.

The lady of the great house, Madame

Wolska, who owned the village and all the land about there, had ordered that the wages of the cutters should be raised five kreuzers a head, besides directing that a glassful of spirits should be served out to each one twice during the day's work; but even this did not avail to dispel the general gloom.

It was with a gloomy brow that old Michael, the overseer, counted over the ricks by cutting notch after notch on a hazel twig, the usual fashion of reckoning in those parts; even young Danelo, the wildest as well as the handsomest lad in the village, subdued by the general melancholy, never approached the girls or attempted a jest; he seemed even to have forgotten how to whistle.

Whence had sprung up this foul spectre, which had turned all their songs to weeping, all their joy to woe? Wise people shook their heads, and doctors talked of marsh effluvia and miasma from the lake, partly dried up from the excess of the heat; but the peasants knew better, and said that the Almighty God had sent it as a punishment to the inhabitants, who had tasted of the fruits of the field before they had been blest in church. Several could attest to having seen the godless young Danelo with his pockets full of green apples long before the Feast of the Assumption, after which day only, as every orthodox Christian knows, it is allowable to taste of apples and pears.

Up there on the verandah of the great house sat Madame Wolska herself, reclining in an easy-chair, with a book in her hand, and her work-basket beside her. She was reading, but occasionally casting a glance at the scene below.

The house, a large and roomy one-storied building, constructed in the style of most Polish country-houses, stood on a slightly rising ground half-way between the village below and the beech forest above.

Despite the stifling heat of the August afternoon, Madame Wolska was attired in heavy robes of some black woollen stuff. She was both young and handsome, her skin of a milky whiteness, her hair of a glossy brown, her eyes blue and placid, the mouth calm and self-reliant, the figure full and round, — these were the charms which four years previously had kindled the passion of Stefan Wolski, a man of no particular family, but who late in life had achieved a gigantic fortune by the opportune discovery of some naphtha-springs. Sophie Bienkowska had been a penniless orphan, and from seventeen to

twenty-two she had toiled as a governess, eating the bread of servitude, which to her was sometimes very bitter; so that when the rich Wolski had asked her to share his wealth, she had accepted him unhesitatingly, without caring to ask any superfluous questions of her heart. Stefan Wolski had been a vulgar and purse-proud man, whose passage to woman's hearts must infallibly have been barred by his large red nose, had he not possessed a golden key, which opens this like other doors; and though her accession to fortune was envied by many, Sophie did not find her lot as his wife to be altogether a bed of roses. The position of sick-nurse and general *souffre-douleur* to a querulous and disagreeable old man is hardly to be taxed higher than that of a paid governess. However, luckily for her, this second martyrdom was but of short duration. Her naturally sweet temper and a certain stolidity of nature helped her to endure her fate during something more than three years, and then she reaped the benefit of her prudence and patience, for the obnoxious Wolski died; and, more to spite some distant relations than out of any particular attachment for Sophie, he left the whole of his very considerable fortune to her unlimited disposal. Thus it came about that the former penniless orphan, hard-worked governess, and tormented wife, found herself at twenty-six an unfettered widow and the richest proprietress in the neighborhood.

That was why this stifling August afternoon still found Sophie Wolska uncompromisingly attired in heavy mourning robes of crape and cashmere.

It was now more than a year since the unprepossessing Wolski had been laid to rest, therefore the young widow might well have allowed herself some slight modification of her weeds. A year is a very long time to mourn for a disagreeable man, avaricious and querulous, and old enough to have been one's grandfather. But a year is a very short time indeed to honor the donor of those broad lands and heavy money-bags; more than a year must be due to the memory of the magician who had transformed the penniless girl into the richest woman in the country.

And so thought Sophie Wolska, who had always had a great regard for the proprieties of life, as well as an endless fund of waiting patience. Not one whit would she lighten her mourning, — not one visit would she receive until the correct time since her bereavement was elapsed.

Suitors in plenty would fain have come buzzing about the place; but none of them had as much as been admitted to her presence. Even now, when the raging cholera in the neighborhood would have furnished the most reasonable excuse for a journey of pleasure or a trip to a watering-place, she had had no thought of leaving Rudniki. Madame Wolska relied implicitly on her excellent constitution and her rational mode of life for keeping off this illness, which she did not fear. Besides, she had no wish to show herself in public until she had doffed her weeds, and earned the right to enjoyment. Afterwards she would have plenty of time to amuse herself and see the world, and possibly make another marriage more to her liking. She was in no hurry, and never acted on impulse—the sort of woman who rarely makes a mistake in life. For the present time the mere consciousness of possession was still enough for her,—it was sufficient enjoyment to sit on her verandah, gazing on the landscape around her, as she was now doing at that moment, and to be able to repeat to herself, "That is my village; those are my woods, my fields, my peasants."

And just at that moment she was informed that one of her peasants was waiting outside and wished to speak to her.

This message was delivered by a tall, handsome girl, with coal-black eyes and heavy plaits of dark hair, who, though but a peasant herself, as her bare feet and colored apron testified, had been lately promoted to the post of special hand-maiden (I cannot say lady's-maid) to Madame Wolska. The staff of servants had not been properly reorganized since old Wolski's death; and the footman had left at the first alarm of cholera. Madame Wolska required but little personal attendance, and had never had a lady's-maid in her life. She liked this girl, and was content with her services for the present.

"Who is it, Magda?"

"It is Master Filip and his wife," answered Magda deferentially; for Filip was well known to be the best and wisest man in the village; and though only a peasant like herself, it seemed more natural to Magda to call him Master Filip than by his name alone.

"Very well, show them in here;" and a minute later the couple were ushered on to the verandah.

Filip Buska might have been called a good-looking man, had not an expression of uncompromising severity, almost amounting to hardness, marked his fea-

tures. Tall and muscular, he appeared a little over forty, though in reality he had not yet reached that age. His hair was dark, his eyebrows thick and bushy; his sunburnt face, strongly marked by lines of care, had a weather-beaten look. His coarse linen shirt-sleeves, rolled up above the elbow, showed well-browned arms, and he held a saw in his hand.

Very hard-working and self-reliant, Filip Buska was justly considered the first man in the village. No one had ever seen him go near the public-house, nor as much as treat himself to a pipe of tobacco. For him life was all work and no play. From a ragged goatherd he had raised himself to his present comparatively comfortable position, possessing his two horses, his cart in summer, and sledge in winter; his pig, his fowls, and his beehives. His hut was the best-thatched hut, and his garden the best-kept garden in the village.

Though scrupulously honest, he had a keen eye for business, and no one knew better how to drive a close bargain; not even a Jew was ever able to boast that he had got the better of Filip Buska. Being handy and inventive, he was ever on the alert to increase his savings by turning his hand to odd jobs of all kinds, according to the necessities that sprang up in the place. He repaired the neighbors' carts and ploughshares, could mend a window or a pair of boots, and had lately invented a totally new sort of wooden bolt for securing barns and lofts.

When the cholera had appeared at Rudniki he had promptly stepped in as an extempore coffin-maker, and had been driving a brisk and remunerative trade in that line for the last several weeks. Hitherto the inhabitants of Rudniki had fetched their coffins from the nearest town, several hours off, so the necessity of a coffin-maker had not been felt; and the coffins at Brodek were more elegantly fashioned than those which Filip turned out. But now, in this season of death, no one was inclined to be fastidious about the precise shade or shape of their coffin, and speed was the most important consideration; besides, every horse in the place was taken up bringing in the harvest, and no one had a cart to spare to send to the town.

Filip Buska's wife was a plain-faced woman, some years younger than himself. He had married her only about ten years previously, having, contrary to the habit of the country, waited until he should have secured a comfortable independence

before burdening himself with a family. He had chosen his wife solely for her industrious and hard-working qualities, though she had brought him no portion; having justly calculated that a woman who is able and willing to work is a better bargain in the end than a light-headed girl, who would, in a couple of years, waste more than she had brought to her husband's house.

Their union was a model one, and often held up by the village priest as an example to the other villagers. They had had several children, but most of them had died young, and at the time this story opens, they had but two remaining, a boy and a girl, who were twins, and three years old.

After the couple had duly saluted the lady, according to peasant etiquette, by pressing deferential kisses upon her shoulder and elbows, the husband began.

"It is about some wood, noble pani, that I have made bold to come up here. Three new coffins have been ordered for to-morrow afternoon, and I can procure no more boards in the village to finish them. I have just come back from the saw-mill down the valley, but they cannot let me have the planks till the next day; and the Jew asks an impertinent price for them besides," he muttered in a lower tone.

"I would gladly help you, but I do not know whether we have any boards to spare," answered Sophie gently. "You know the wood will not be brought from the forest till next month, when the harvest is over. I think there are a few old boards lying in the stackyard; you are welcome to take those."

"Thank you, gracious lady," said Filip, without any particular gratitude in his voice, for he had already marked those boards, as he came in, and measured them with his eye in passing—"thank you; those boards you speak of would just about suffice for the coffins without the lids, but I do not know where to take the covers from. I must have them ready by noon to-morrow, and one is for a full-grown man too."

"I am afraid I can think of nothing else," began Madame Wolska regretfully; while Filip, through the open glass doors, was eying the various articles of furniture, dimly seen in the drawing-room within, as though speculating on the possibility of turning a mahogany table into a coffin, or laying a dead man to rest within a grand pianoforte.

"If you please, gracious pani," now put in Magda, who had remained standing

on the verandah steps, "there are several large packing-cases in the store-room. The one which held last year's apples is nearly empty, perhaps it might do."

Filip Buska now turned for the first time and looked at Magda. It was not his habit to look at women unless there happened to be any particular reason for so doing; and as he now looked at Magda, it was not to take notice of her brilliant eyes and glowing color, but merely to say to himself, "That is an intelligent lass to have thought of the packing-case with the apples."

"Yes, to be sure! The packing-cases in the store-room," said Madame Wolska, in a tone of relief. "Tell the house-keeper—but no, I will go myself;" and she rose from her seat.

Sophie Wolska had not yet acquired the fine-lady habit of gracefully doing nothing. She had been accustomed to work all her life, and could not so quickly get out of the groove. Passing through the large and rather inadequately furnished drawing-room, whose bare white walls were adorned only by two gilt-framed mirrors, and one staring portrait of a sour-faced old man in a black coat and gold watch-chain, she took a heavy bunch of keys from the writing-table, and proceeded to the store-room, followed by Magda and the peasant couple.

It was a large and roomy store-room, in which Sophie Wolska took a special pride, and delighted in visiting every day. Well-cured hams and tongues were suspended from the rafters above; barrels of flour, rice, and other grains stood ready for use; glass jars, containing tempting-looking home-made jams and *compotes* stood ranged in neat rows upon the wooden shelves, each glass neatly ticketed and inscribed in Madame Wolska's own handwriting—that elegant handwriting which but a few years ago she had so wearily struggled to impart to dull-headed and clumsy-fingered pupils.

Huge canisters of tea, coffee, and sugar stood on the tables; parcels of dates, almonds, raisins, and many other dainties were hidden away in the drawers of the presses. The open windows, admitting a free current of air, were carefully guarded from intruding insects by a close wire netting, against which myriads of flies beat and bruised themselves in helpless fury at not being able to reach those delicacies thus tantalizingly displayed before their eyes. The angry hum of the baffled insects revibrated throughout the room.

"There are two cases," said Madame

Wolska, pointing to one containing cooking-apples, and another dried peas. "You can have whichever suits you best."

"Thank you, noble lady," said Filip, and he knelt down briskly on the sanded brick floor, and took out his foot-rule. His wife stood leaning against a flour-barrel, and watched him with weary eyes.

After a hasty measurement, and a short mental calculation, Filip decided in favor of the apples. "If your worship would kindly direct the case to be emptied, the wife will come and fetch it in the morning. To-day we can only carry the boards from the stack-yard, and I shall be busy with my work all the forenoon."

"Very well," said Madame Wolska, and then they took their leave, Sophie remarking at parting, "What ails your wife, Filip?" for she was looking pale, and had not spoken a word the whole time.

"Only the heat, gracious lady," said Filip — "only the heat, and maybe she's a bit tired with the work, for she is a rare good one for helping me; she is of more use to me than two lads, and as strong as a man almost."

Sophie Wolska returned to the verandah after the peasants had left her, and finished the chapter of the novel she had been reading; then when it became too dark to read, she took up her knitting and worked away till the lights were brought and tea was ready, letting her thoughts travel backwards and forwards over many things the while. She passed over her wardrobe in mental review, and decided that she would require nothing new till next spring. "My old black cashmere *futro* (fur cloak) will do quite well for here in the country," she said. "Only new lining for the pockets and collar will be necessary." Then she reckoned up how many pots of jam she would still require to make. "It would be wiser to preserve all the melons," she thought, "and not eat any of them fresh this year; they were apt to disagree in time of cholera." Then taking a range into the more remote future, she speculated a little, upon what sort of dresses she would have next year, and what sort of husband she would have some day. The little episode about the coffins had not left any particularly depressing impression upon her mind. She was not a nervous woman, and did not feel shocked at being thus rudely brought face to face with the vulgar and prosaic machinery of death and burial, as by rights a fine lady should be. Of course if people died they had to be buried, and coffins had to be procured somehow.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND PACKING-CASE.

"I know when one is dead and when one lives:
She's dead as earth."

King Lear.

NEXT morning early, as Magda was standing in the verandah dusting the benches and preparing the breakfast-table, she looked down the road that led to the village and saw a figure coming slowly up the hill.

The day promised again to be a glorious harvest-day, one of the days wanted to put the crown to the summer's work. The little lake was unruffled by any breeze, but still sent forth a slight mist, which the sun was gradually dispersing, but as yet enveloped part of the landscape as with a hazy veil. Therefore Magda did not at once distinguish the approaching figure. Presently, as it came nearer, she recognized it to be Filip Buska. This surprised her slightly, for surely it had been settled the previous evening that his wife was to come for the apple-case.

"Good-morrow to you. So you have come yourself?" she said interrogatively, as he reached the house, noting as an unusual circumstance, that although the air was still fresh and pleasant, and he was a strong and healthy man, yet the heavy drops of perspiration were standing on his brow.

"Yes; I have come myself," he answered gloomily, not responding to her morning salutation, and wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

"The case is empty; I have just emptied it. Will you come and take it?"

"I wish to see the gracious lady for a moment," answered Filip.

On the part of any one else it would have been an unheard-of presumption to request to see the lady of the house at so unseasonable an hour; but Filip was an exceptional and privileged person, and had, moreover, a certain inborn authority in his manner, which rarely failed to enforce obedience to his wishes, so that when he said to Magda, "I wish to speak to your mistress," she answered, —

"I shall go and see whether she is awake; perhaps you will sit down and rest on this bench meanwhile."

Without thanking her, he sat down, and Magda, cautiously opening the door of Madame Wolska's bedroom, saw that her mistress was already attired in dressing-gown, and sitting before her mirror.

"Yes — the gracious pani would see

him presently; he was to wait here," Magda brought word a few minutes later.

Filip received the message with an apathetic stare, and then seemed to forget her presence.

Magda was a lively girl, and always inclined for conversation, but she felt uncomfortably awed in presence of this severe-looking man, and did not venture to ask him, as she would much have liked to do, whether there was nothing new in the village below, and whether it were true that old Katinka, the priest's house-keeper, had been taken ill with the cholera.

A little later Madame Wolska appeared on the verandah, looking serenely handsome in her loose dressing-gown, refreshed by her night's slumber, and with a healthy appetite for her breakfast.

"You have come for the packing-case," she said after a moment, seeing that he did not speak.

"I came," he said, clearing his throat, and speaking as though with difficulty — "I came to ask the gracious lady whether she would let me have the other case as well? The other one — the one with the peas. I should require both cases — the one with the apples and the one with the peas."

He repeated all this in a dull, mechanical manner, speaking slowly and distinctly, like a lesson learnt by rote.

"If you really require it," said Madame Wolska somewhat reluctantly, beginning to consider whether she could without much inconvenience put the dried peas into a sack; but Magda, who was quicker of thought, put in, —

"Surely not another coffin? Has old Katinka —" But Filip Buska's face looked so very irresponsible that she did not finish her question.

"Perhaps I can spare the other case," said Madame Wolska, after a pause. "But why have you not brought your wife with you? You will not be able to carry both cases alone."

"My wife is dead," said Filip gloomily. "It is for her that I require the other case."

"Jesu Maria!" shrieked Magda.

"Dead!" said Madame Wolska. "Can it be true? How? When did she die?"

"Last night," said Filip. "After we had left the great house, she cooked the supper before we lay down to rest. We ate boiled potatoes and bacon, and I never noticed that she hardly touched her plateful, for I was busy working out the measurements of the coffins to be made to-day. Only this morning I saw that her plate

was still full. I slept heavily, for I was tired; but about two o'clock I was awakened by the groans from her bed. My poor Julka! I should hardly have known her face, — all blue and drawn on one side with the pain. I fetched the old midwife, who is known to be learned in such matters: she gave her warm drinks of the blest herbs, and hot cloths with roasted corn were laid on her body; but it was all of no use. She passed away before sunrise. My poor Julka!" and two heavy tears rolled down his hard, furrowed cheeks.

"Why did you not send for me?" cried Sophie Wolska, who felt remorseful on thinking of her own calm, undisturbed night. "Perhaps I might have helped you."

"It was God's will," said Filip moodily, relapsing into reserve; and as though to ward off any further expression of sympathy, he added hastily, "Now, if the gracious pani will permit, I will fetch the two packing-cases."

"Certainly, certainly," said Madame Wolska, feeling ashamed of her utter helplessness in this matter. "Magda shall help you to carry them home, and I shall give you a packet of tea and some camphor-drops, in case you feel ill yourself or the children."

Filip accepted the tea and the camphor passively, or rather he made no resistance, when they were pressed upon him by mistress and maid. Together with Magda he repaired to the store-room, and there they proceeded to empty out the dried peas. Magda, kneeling on the floor, held open the mouth of the sack with both hands, while Filip, with a large wooden bowl, ladled the contents into it. When it was two-thirds empty, he hoisted up the now lightened case on his arm, and poured the remaining peas in a rustling cascade into the coarse linen sack. But his hand was shaking like that of a drunkard, and many of them were spilt over the brick floor, and others sprang up rudely against Magda's face and hit her sharply like tiny bullets, till her skin tingled with the pain; but she uttered no sound of complaint, and Filip no word of apology. He had not even looked at her.

The smaller of the two cases was now placed within the other, and Filip and Magda together proceeded to carry them down the hill. It was a tolerable load even for two persons, and they were forced to rest more than once on the way; but no word was spoken between them, and they reached the hut in silence.

Filip's hut was conspicuous for neatness, and stood out from the other cottages like a new penny among a handful of old coppers. Its walls were only of mud, like the walls of other huts; but they were dazzlingly white: the wooden paling was carefully planned so as to keep out truant swine or fowls from making havoc in the well-kept garden, where cabbages and carrots, radishes and lettuce, flourished alongside of brilliant poppy flowers, lilac, red, and pink, now rapidly beginning to let fall their petals. Three or four beehives, constructed out of hollowed-out tree-trunks, stood against the cottage wall at one end. As Magda entered the wicket gate of the little garden, she became aware of a disagreeable smell which filled the air, and made her feel sick and faint. Filip perceived it too, and hastened his steps.

"It is that cursed paint which I left boiling on the fire. I suppose it has run over. I forgot that there was no one left to look after it now!"

This was the color which Filip was in the habit of preparing for painting over the coffins—a dull, unvarnished black, prepared chiefly out of ox-gall and tar, after a cheap and simple recipe of his own. Magda understood now why this smell had made her feel so faint.

They put down the cases in the garden outside, and entered the hut.

The pot had indeed boiled over, and discharged its contents in a sable stream all over the stamped-clay floor of the kitchen. The bed where poor Julka had breathed her last was empty.

"They have taken her away already! My poor Julka!" said Filip.

At this moment Kuba, the boy-twin, came running in from the garden, roaring lustily: a bee had stung him on the arm. His sister meanwhile, squatting on the floor near the running stream of black paint, was seeking to analyze its nature and consistency by dipping each of her ten fingers in succession into the sable liquid, and after tasting and finding it unpalatable, therewith describing bold lines and figures all over her dirty, rosy face and dimpled bare legs.

Everything inside the cottage bore already the mark of neglect and desolation. It was little more than three hours since the hard-working wife and mother had breathed her last, and already her absence was so tangibly, so cruelly felt. The milk-pots of black earthenware, which should every morning be freshly rinsed out, and put to dry in the sun, were stand-

ing about unwashed on the shelves, the milk within them already turning sour, and attracting numerous swarms of flies. A dish of cold potatoes was standing in the window.

"My poor Julka!" cried Filip again, and he sank down on his knees near the empty bed; great sobs shook his breast, and heavy tears rolled down his hard face.

Magda stood by, not daring to speak or make any effort at consolation. This grief was not of the kind which invites or even admits of sympathy.

Little Kasza, startled at the sound, raised her dark, curly head, and stayed thus immovable, arrested in the midst of her painting operations, one grimy hand poised in the air, while the thick black liquid dropped slowly back on to the kitchen floor.

Even the boy Kuba hushed his roaring for a moment to gaze at the unwonted spectacle of his father crying. It must have been a very big bee indeed, he dimly thought, which had stung his tata, to make him cry so loud.

After Filip had given vent to his grief for some minutes, he raised his head and stood up again: his face still quivered with the inward emotion, but not for long.

"For eleven years," he said, speaking more to himself than to Magda—"for eleven years we have lived happily together, I and my Julka; never a hard word passed between us; never for a moment had I cause to regret the day which made her my wife. She was worth her weight in gold. And to think," he continued, looking round the untidy kitchen—"to think that last night she was still here!" then as his eye rested on a heap of potato-peelings near the threshold—"Last night she cooked our supper, she peeled those potatoes; who will peel the potatoes this evening?" and again there was a break in his voice.

"I will," said Magda quickly, finding her speech at last. "If the gracious pani can spare me for an hour this evening, I shall come down and make your supper."

Filip's plaintive allusion to the potatoes had been rather an expression of grief for the dead Julka than a direct interrogation as to how he was to get his supper that evening. At least, if any such prosaic feeling as anxiety about his food were mixed up with his sorrow for his lost wife, he was certainly unconscious of it; yet when Magda said, "I shall cook your potatoes this evening," he felt grateful to her, and, unknown to himself, somewhat relieved in his mind.

He had regained his self-control by this time, and watched her calmly as she busied herself in the cottage putting many things to rights, sweeping the potato-peelings out into the yard, washing out the milk-pots, and putting them to dry on the paling-staves, where they shone in the sun like gigantic blackberries. She calmed the roaring Kuba, and coaxed him back into good-humor; she washed the dirty face and limbs of the little Kasza: and when, an hour later, she left the hut to return to the big house, some slight degree of order and comfort had been restored to the widower's desolate hearth.

CHAPTER III.

WIDOWER AND BRIDEGROOM.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower."
SOUTHWELL.

JULKA had expired on the Tuesday morning, and had that same day been laid in her grave, not in the usual churchyard, which was round the village church, but in the new cholera cemetery, which had lately been established on the hill at the edge of the forest. Several tall clumps of bracken fern had had to be removed to make room for poor Julka, and on the freshly upturned clods of earth the trees overhead were beginning to let fall the ripe beech-nuts.

It was on the following Sunday afternoon that Filip Buska again went up to the great house.

The harvest had all been safely got under cover during the week, and a thunder-storm the evening before had somewhat relieved the air. Within the last few days no new cases of cholera had sprung up: apparently the fiend, at length satisfied, had departed for some other neighborhood. Julka had been the last victim it had snatched at parting.

It requires a very delicate sense of tact, and a most subtle knowledge of human nature, to guide us in our intercourse with a newly made widower or widow. If we weep with the mourner (as we are often advised to do); if we agree with him in calling his loss irreparable, incurable; if we confirm his heart-broken assertions that for him henceforward there can be no more peace or happiness in this world, and that he has nothing further to do on earth in future, but yearn for his grave during the lonely years which it may be his miserable lot to languish yet here below,—if, as I say, we endorse all this, then we do not send away the bereaved

one any lighter of heart than he came to us. If, on the other hand, the comforter be gifted with some slight knowledge of human nature, and knows by experience that for every grief there is a remedy, and that the healing of every wound is only a question of time, yet the expression of such knowledge in the sufferer's presence would be hardly seemly.

The clear-sighted comforter knows well that the healing theory holds good not only for wounds of the flesh but for those of the heart likewise. It only depends upon the severity of the cut, and the width and depth of the gash. Three or four years will close most wounds, leaving scarcely a scar behind. Those which require a longer cure are exceptionally severe cases; and it is rare, very rare indeed, to find a patient who lets his wound fester and bleed from within, and feed upon its own pain and bitterness, and never find relief until he is indeed in the grave. This sort of grief is rare, and perhaps unnatural and unwholesome; so it may be as well that we do not often come across it, and that it is only with the common and natural forms of grief that we are called upon to deal. The task is sufficiently difficult as it is; for even if we know well that for the despairing mourner before us there are plenty of joyous days in store in the future, yet what philosopher would be cruel enough to say to a sobbing widow with cynical distinctness, "You are weeping your eyes out to-day and tearing your hair for the sake of the husband you have lost, but before the grain has ripened three times more, you will be smiling by the side of a new spouse; therefore dim not your eyes with these useless tears, and keep your hair glossy and luxuriant for the flowers that are to adorn it by-and-by?"

Such a speech would be as brutal as it would be useless, for the patient would not believe you. He can see no gleam of light through the dense black veil which obscures his vision, and it would not be fitting were he able to catch a glimpse of such light as yet.

The comforter's words must therefore be directed and regulated by the comprehension of all these things; he must seek to tone down the edges of coal-black despair by sober neutral grey and brown tints, which, however, must betray no outward resemblance to the livelier hues of rose-color and azure blue, towards which they are covertly paving the way. What comfort is given must be administered homœopathically in minute doses, like a

sort of reversed sugar-pill; for in this case the sweetness is concealed within, and only the rind is bitter, so that the sufferer will go away feeling unaccountably lighter of heart, but unaware that he has received the first dose of that mighty elixir called hope.

Madame Wolska had been trying to frame her words in accordance with some such principles, and she had found her task a very difficult one. Filip's countenance, at all times stern, was hardened rather than softened by the expression of melancholy which now marked it, and she felt helpless to lighten his grief as yet,—the blow was too recent, the wound too fresh, to admit of palliatives. After dwelling at length on the virtues of the defunct Julka, Madame Wolska had endeavored, apparently unsuccessfully, to awaken the widower's interest in the pair of children that remained to him. She had promised him new winter clothes for the little orphans, and had given him cakes to take home to them.

These favors had been received apathetically, with scanty thanks; evidently the widower was as yet too much crushed to be touched by compassion or kindness.

Sophie Wolska had now exhausted all her resources in the way of condolence, and was desirous of terminating the interview. Seeing that Filip showed as yet no sign of departing, she rose from her seat and said,—

"You have nothing more to say, have you?"

"Yes, gracious pani, I have something to say; it was for that that I came up here."

"Very well," said Sophie, standing still, and with no inclination to sit down again—"very well. What is it?"

"Gracious pani," said Philip, speaking in a slow, measured voice, "I came up here to look for a wife."

"A wife!" repeated Sophie, after a pause of stupefied surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I came up here to look for a wife," said Filip again, very distinctly.

Madame Wolska now gazed on Filip with compassionate solicitude, slightly tinged by alarm. Evidently the poor man had gone mad! The blow of losing an adored wife had been too much for him. He was mad, and she was alone with him! What would his next words be? Was he going to summon her with violence to restore to him his lost Julka? Some such association of ideas might well have been hovering in his distorted brain, since it

was here that poor Julka had come on that last evening of her life.

Madame Wolska moved cautiously nearer to the door, though she could as yet detect no lurking symptoms of violence about the man, and with her fingers on the handle, she said in a gentle, soothing tone, such as one uses towards an unreasonable feverish child, "You forget that your poor wife is dead. She is in heaven; she is praying up there for you and for your children."

"Julka is dead," said Filip, looking at Madame Wolska with some surprise, for he could not divine her train of thought. "I have just come from her grave, where I have been putting up a wooden cross, and it is because she is dead that I am seeking for another wife in her place."

This time there was no mistaking his words, and fear rapidly giving way to stupefaction, the lady sank down on a chair, while Filip further elucidated his meaning.

"It is not yet a week since you lost your wife!" Sophie stammered at last, feeling shocked and scandalized beyond measure.

"Just so—a week on Tuesday," said Filip calmly. "I would have come up sooner to speak to the noble pani about this, but I had not time before to-day."

"But surely you cannot have forgotten your poor wife yet?"

"I shall never forget Julka, even if I live to be as old as old Josepha in the village," said Filip quietly; "but we poor people cannot afford to spend over-long time in mourning. I have two little children at home, and no one to mind them. The neighbors are kind enough to lend a hand occasionally, but every one has her own affairs to look to, and I do not care to ask favors of any one. Little Kasza scalded her legs with the boiling water only yesterday, and Kuba is always at the beehives. I must have a wife of my own to mind the house."

Madame Wolska now comprehended the situation, though she could not as yet familiarize herself with it. She was experiencing a strong feeling of repulsion for this new-made widower, who was already clamoring for another spouse. Intensely methodical, nay, almost pedantic in all her mode of life, she had always hitherto taken for granted that the course of grief was a thing to be determined by exact mathematical rules. A certain number of yards of black stuff had to be worn out in the deceased one's memory, a certain number of handkerchiefs (supposed to be

soaked with tears) sent to the wash,—above all, a certain number of moons allowed to elapse, before the surviving partner could be allowed to quit the shade of willows and cypresses, and begin to take notice of flowers that grow in the sunshine.

Only last week she had had her susceptibilities rudely shocked, when, on opening a bandbox sent from her dressmaker in town, she had perceived with horror that the frivolous priestess of fashion had taken the liberty to replace the dead black crape ruffles she was wont to wear by some unseemly frillings of snowy lace. That frill she had felt to be positively indelicate, and had insisted on its instantaneous removal. She was therefore unable to put herself so quickly in another's place, and understand that there are many things which poor people cannot afford beyond silk dresses and dainty fare, and that mourning for a beloved wife may under circumstances become an unreasonable luxury.

It was therefore rather coldly that she said to Filip,—

"Then what do you want from me?"

"Only this, gracious pani," said Filip, rubbing his head as though he were trying to rub his meaning out of it; "there is no girl down in the village that would do for me. Most of them have got a sweetheart already, so I bethought myself of that *dziewuczyna* (lass) up here—Magda I think they call her; she seems an active and a healthy girl; and she has a cow of her own, they tell me. She has no one courting her either, and she cooked the supper in a very handy fashion the other evening."

No one ever came in contact with Filip without being influenced by him; and by degrees his calm, sensible tone and matter-of-fact way of explaining the case had its effect on Madame Wolska, who relaxed so far as to promise to speak to Magda that very evening on the subject.

"She is a good girl, and I shall be sorry to lose her," she said. "But if, as you say, you must have a wife at once, I do not think you could easily find a better one. She is active and honest, a good girl, and a handsome one."

"A good girl, and a handsome one," summed up Filip, as though he took these qualities on trust on Madame Wolska's word, not having verified either point for himself. "A good girl and handsome, you say, and she has a cow."

This renewed allusion to the cow was most indelicate, Madame Wolska felt.

If poor Julka's place were to be filled so soon, at least it was not fitting that such a vulgar animal as a cow should have any influence in determining her successor. She therefore endeavored to relegate the obnoxious quadruped into its proper place in the background, by expatiating again at greater length on the personal qualities of the bride-elect.

"Magda is very young and warm-hearted," she explained to Filip, "she is generous and impulsive, and will attach herself strongly to your children, I am sure. She will be easily led, if you are only kind. You could not have chosen a better wife."

Filip listened with a slightly contemptuous smile.

"None of the young girls nowadays are worth much," he remarked, as though he would say, "There's small choice in rotten apples," "but there is nothing better to be found. My Julka was of another sort; but I shall not find her like again. And as to kindness, why it was never my way to beat the women-folk. Then, thanking your graciousness," he concluded, kissing Madame Wolska's black woollen sleeve, "if the noble pani will speak to the young woman to-night, and to-morrow I shall send the bridesmen with the *wodki*."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

IN A GREEK FAMILY TO-DAY.

It was not on account of the earthquake that we chose Chios for a visit; in fact, if we had thought twice about that catastrophe we should certainly have not gone there, for the ruins led us into frequent difficulties. Nor was it on account of the far-famed beauty of the island—its orange and lemon groves—nor on account of the mastic-trees, from which the Chiotess supply the inmates of every harem in Turkey with gum to masticate; but simply because we were told that by riding on muleback for two days over the Chiotess mountains to a certain distant village called Pyrgi we could there plunge ourselves into the depths of a population of Greeks of the ancient Ionian type, whose manners and customs would remind us of many things we had read of the Greeks of old, and whose hospitality was proverbial.

We rode accordingly for two weary days through the country devastated by the earthquake; we chewed the mastic, and we sniffed the air burdened with the fra-

grance of orange and lemon blossom. Most visitors to Chios would have been content, and considered they knew the island well; our work had not as yet begun. The mountain paths were rugged and fatiguing, yet our beasts were sure-footed, and we had now got out of the region of ruined villages and sickly reminiscences of the great disaster.

The southern villages of Chios are like round fortresses; they have no walls properly so called, but the backs of the houses join all round and offer a circular line of fortification. The doors of these houses open into a street which encircles the town inside. There are generally four entrances to the town by archways under the houses, the iron gates of which are closed at night. Numerous narrow streets converge towards the centre like the spokes of a wheel, many of them being covered over so as to afford a means of progression on the roof from house to house. The centre of the wheel is a large square (*πλάτεια*) with a tower in the middle dating from the days of the Genoese occupation, the lower story of which is generally the fashionable café, whilst the upper one is entered only by a ladder and forms the acropolis of the place in time of local disturbances, from which vantage-ground the soldiers can command nearly every house in the village. These fortress villages are generally some little distance from the sea, and are remnants of the old days when pirates haunted the coasts.

Such was the village of Pyrgi which we were about to visit. It was a relief to find that our friend's house looked into the square, and not into the dingy, dark street by which we had entered. We alighted from our mules in front of the café, and then ascended a dark wooden staircase to be introduced to our host and hostess.

The latter was a stout, busy woman, scantily clad, without shoes or stockings; she had on a white cotton skirt, while over this was a blue jacket, gauged behind and frilled at the edge. She had on a white headdress twisted in folds, and a streamer hanging down behind. Her name was *Κυρία Κυριακή*, which, being translated, means Mrs. Sunday. She had large, brown, almond-shaped eyes, she had exquisitely pencilled eyebrows, a sallow, almost swarthy, complexion, and a profile as Grecian as ever was seen on any vase. She greeted us with effusion, apologizing, as women will, for her *négligé* attire, and busied herself to prepare for our reception.

Mrs. Sunday was the mother of a numerous offspring. The eldest daughter, aged about fifteen, and growing up the image of her mother, was named *Παρασκευή* (Friday). The names of the others did not excite any curiosity except that of the baby, which reposed in a cradle made of a goatskin on a framework of cane. They called it Dragon, and on inquiry I was told that it was the custom to call male babies Dragon or Iron, or some such name, until they were baptized, prophetically alluding to their prospective strength, and that Master Dragon was soon to become Master Palamedes.

After a few minutes our host and a few friends dropped in. He was a regular islander, with his baggy trousers, his loose embroidered waistcoat, and his fez. He carried a gourd in his hand full of wine, some of which he spilt as a libation (*σπονδή*), just as if he were an ancient Greek who wished to propitiate *Ζεὺς ἕνους*. Then we all raised the gourd to our lips in turn, saying, "We have found you well," and other compliments which flow like water in these parts. Our host expressed his delight at the honor we had done him in visiting his roof, and told us that a table should be spread for us later on, after which he would have the pleasure of questioning us about our wanderings. Until the *πράτεια* is laid and justice has been done to the viands it is now, as in ancient times, a breach of hospitality to question a guest.

I was left alone now for a while, much to my relief. I wanted a few minutes of privacy to recover from the journey, and to peep around and investigate our quarters.

I was sitting on a sort of *daïs*, raised from the rest of the room by a step eighteen inches high. Around this ran the divan, and looking into the square were five narrow windows, with no glass in them, but a carved rail in front. These windows were closed by wooden shutters at night, and above each was a round hole with glass in, through which the light could penetrate when the shutters were shut. The room was panelled along the window side, a row of plates was arranged on a shelf along the wall, quite primitively æsthetic in its design; a lot of pictures with a lamp burning before them formed the little family altar. A curiously plaited thing of corn-ears, the sacred *ὄβλος*, was hung near as a thank-offering to the Madonna for the last harvest, in her capacity as successor to Demeter.

As yet we had seen no beds, and were

aware of the existence of plenty of vermin hopping about on the dirty wooden floor. Our hearts misgave us.

After about a quarter of an hour Mrs. Sunday reappeared, carrying a tray, on which was a pot of sweetmeat and two glasses of water. We took a spoonful of the sweetmeat, drank a little water, and this meal was over. They are great lovers of sweet things in these parts. They make them of rose-leaves, orange and lemon flowers, mastic, and all sorts of strange things, but the best of all is the *lemonaki*, made of lemons no bigger than walnuts, so plentiful is this fruit in Chios. A large assortment of these *γλυκολαγάρια* is the great pride of the island housewife.

We were left for half an hour's repose, and Mrs. Sunday then returned again with small cups of Turkish coffee, and pieces of *loukoum*. This time she was accompanied by various members of her family; the girls wore a curious headgear peculiar to the place, being a sort of loose embroidered cap, with ends or tassels hanging down, after the fashion of a clown's, and their hair, which was cut short at the side, protruded on their cheeks like whiskers. Their dress was all in one piece, with holes for their arms, and gauged all down the back; a belt was worn round their waists, and their feet were bare. They hid shyly behind their mother as she served the coffee, and seemed aghast when we wished them good-day. The boys were somewhat more brazen; they each wore little caps like bowls stuck on the back of their heads, and their hair stood out straight, which gave them a wild and somewhat wicked appearance. They had on the inevitable wide trousers, which flapped about between their legs like the stomach of a goose.

Mrs. Sunday showed a mother's pleasure at the notice I took of her offspring. I captured, with some trouble, young Miss Hadriana, and submitted her to a closer inspection.

"What is this?" I asked, pointing to some wretched trinkets tied round her neck.

"To ward off the evil eye" (*βασπασεία*), rejoined her mother; and this suggested a conversation which detained Mrs. Sunday nearly an hour with us.

"It prevents her from being withered by the glance of the Nereids," firmly ejaculated our hostess, as a suspicion of scepticism flitted across our faces; and she grew mysteriously confiding as she told us the following local superstition:—

"When a babe sickens, and no medicine can cure it, we say it is struck by the Nereids, who dance in the bed of the dry river yonder, close to the Church of the Appearance of the Virgin. Woe to them who see them dance! Not many years ago, when a babe sickened in this way, it was the custom to strip it of its clothes, and leave it all night on the marble altar of the church; if the babe survived, it was a proof that it had not been struck by the Nereids, and generally recovered its proper health. But the infidel authorities have put a stop to this. May the Nereids strike them, and their false prophet!"

Mrs. Sunday was evidently an implicit believer in mystic phenomena, so I questioned her further about charms and healing roots. Out of a cupboard in the walls she produced a bit of root.

"This," she said triumphantly, "is the most valuable medicine I possess; it cures every illness we have. We call it the *phystoula* root," she added, "and it is both difficult and dangerous to get; it holds very firm to the ground, and, when rooted up, utters a cry like a baby; the person who pulls it up is sure to die. Some tie the root by a rope to a mule, and then the animal pulls it up, and dies."

It was quite dark before the table was spread for our meal, and when served it was more curious than sumptuous; the water, in which a kid had been boiled with some rice in it, led the way as soup, and was followed by pickled cuttle fish, very hard and unpalatable, but a prized luxury in these islands, especially during Lent—so much so, that it would pay the enterprise of pickling the many thousands we throw away in disgust to send out here. Then came the kid, a deliciously tender little thing, one of a litter of six, our host informed us. After the kid came the *misethra*, a standard dish in the Grecian islands, made of curdled milk. I have tasted exactly the same in Corsica, under the name of *broccio*, and I always revel in it. There was a Turkish dish of rice and sour milk, called *pilaff* and *yaurte*, which I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of; figs and almonds brought the repast to a close. The wine was rich and excessively sweet, such as, I presume, once was the nectar of the gods.

The table was laid for four, ourselves, our host, and his brother. Mrs. Sunday and her family waited upon us; occasionally she sat down respectfully in a corner, with a bone which she gnawed; but when all was cleared away, and the men began to smoke, she drew her chair up to the

table, took occasional sips out of her husband's glass, and became talkative.

Now all restraint was at an end, and questions about England and the far West occupied more time than I cared to devote to them. Every Greek adores the name of Mr. Gladstone, and I went up considerably in our host's estimation when I told him I had been at Oxford. "Then you are a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's?" To this novel way of looking at the question I deemed it wise to assent.

By degrees I drew them on to talk about themselves and their customs—a line of conversation far more interesting to me. I wished to gather information about the growth of the grape.

"Did they have a grand ceremony as in Italy at the vintage season?"

"Not much," was the reply, after a pause.

Presently, however, our host told us that when a man wished to plant a vineyard near Pyrgi, he would call together fifty or more men, according to the size of the vineyard he proposed to plant, on a feast-day at the church door. Each of these he would provide with a spade, and he would slaughter goats, and fill skins with wine. Next morning the troop would start out to work, singing songs, and preceded by a standard-bearer holding a white banner. They would eat the goats and drink the wine after the planting of the vines, which, according to custom, must all be done in one day, and they would return home in the evening singing and shouting more lustily than when they went. Surely this is very akin to a feast of Bacchus!

"Sing us one of your Chiot songs," I asked our host. He was nothing loth to do this, and his wife gave him the key-note by striking a knife on a brass dish. The tune was monotonous, and of the words I could only catch the refrain, which was, "Forty-five lemon-trees planted by the way." And I felt it must be a purely Chiot song judging by the quantities of lemons we had passed through in the Kampos.

Attracted by the sound of revelry the neighbors now dropped in one by one, ostensibly to chat with our host, but really to scrutinize the foreigners. The priest, of course, led the way, and very stately he looked in his tall hat and long robe as he seated himself in a corner, stroked his white beard, and settled himself to look on. The local authorities (the Demogerontes) were formally introduced to us as they walked in, and each was handed a

glass of wine; other local magnates followed, and the feast waxed merry. Despite their poverty, Turkish oppression, and earthquakes, the Greeks of Chios can still be merry when they please. Our host laughed, and cracked jokes with everybody; he told his experiences by sea and land, on mountain and plain. Perhaps his bow was a little long, especially when talking of sport. I had seen no game in Chios, and I doubted whether he ever had.

Apropos of sport, the priest put rather a good riddle to the company. I got our host to write it down for me in my notebook, and the following is the translation:—

I live on all sorts of sport, yet I never go up to the mountain forests.

I weave nets, and I set them, yet I am not a fisherman.

I am found with the poor, yet I am by no means a pauper.

And with the offspring of poverty I provide dinner for my belly.

Most of those present knew the answer, and all eyes were turned upon me, as if to test the ability of a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone's. With shame I confess that I had to be told that the answer was a spider; on thinking it over coolly next day I wondered at my stupidity.

After a while I delicately inquired if they ever danced in Chios. "Not often now," they said somewhat sadly; "since the earthquakes we have had no spirit for it." I gently pressed the subject. "I should like to see some of your steps." They looked from one to the other, smiled, and at length hesitatingly consented.

There were plenty of men in the room already, so our host was despatched in all haste to secure partners for them all, whilst Mrs. Sunday, at my special request, took her eldest daughter into an adjoining room, and decked her in the holiday attire peculiar to Pyrgi. I have seldom seen anybody look smarter than Miss Friday when she walked in; her scarlet stomacher was beautifully decorated with gold, her jacket was of the same pattern as her mother's everyday one of blue, but it was of yellow silk; from her head came the *manthelion*, a fairy-like thing of light silk hanging down to her heels behind; on her head was a garland of artificial flowers, and the whole was kept on by beautiful silver pins; her hair hung over her breast in two long plaits. She had on a stiff white petticoat, and an apron of crimson with gold roses embroidered on it. These dresses the Chiotess

wear on grand gala days when they dance on the village green, and it was a mark of the greatest condescension on Mrs. Sunday's part to allow of its being seen to-night.

I should like to have seen the whole company when dressed like this, but unfortunately they only came in their everyday clothes. Nevertheless they looked excessively quaint, each with her hair cut short and brought on to her cheek like whiskers, and the men too with their baggy trousers like divided skirts, which wobbled about oddly as they capered to and fro.

They treated us to several dances to the tune of the *phlogera*, a sort of bagpipe; but as yet they had danced nothing which I had not seen in other parts of Greece. Before closing the entertainment a singing dance was suggested, and, as it was the first I had ever seen, I was deeply interested. The dancers stand in a circle. Each man has a woman on his right hand for his partner, so that every young man has an old woman, and every old man a young woman. They join hands, and dance round slowly in a circle, and the one who is styled the leader begins to sing. At the end of four or five lines he mentions the second dancer by name, who forthwith kisses his partner and then begins to sing; then he mentions the third dancer, who likewise kisses and sings: and so on all round the circle till all have had their song and their kiss. When it comes to the leader again he takes his kiss, but does not continue to sing. Peals of laughter greeted each kiss; it was now obvious to us why the partners were so curiously chosen.

It was getting very late, past eleven, and as yet we had seen no signs of bed or the abatement of the feast. Perhaps we yawned, perhaps our host himself felt sleepy, but greatly to our relief all the guests suddenly took their departure, bidding each of us a hearty *καλή νύκτα*. The priest alone sat on as a privileged person; he never spoke, but seemed deeply interested in the unpacking of our meagre stock of luggage. Mrs. Sunday and her daughters were very busy now. First of all they cleared away the table and the dishes, then they dragged in a large mattress which was spread on the floor, clean white sheets and pillow-cases were next fetched out of a cupboard and spread on the mattress. Over all was cast a quilt rich in its many-colored embroidery. All was ready now. So our host and hostess bade us good-night and soft repose, and

departed; but not so the priest, who lingered on stroking his white beard as if reluctant to leave so interesting a sight. We partially undressed with the vain hope of shocking him. Nothing would drive him away till twelve o'clock struck, when he hastily left us with his blessing to retire privately to rest, or rather a mockery of rest, for "those black-faced mules, all blood and skin," as the Chiotese call them, found us excellent hunting-grounds.

Before we were out of bed in the morning, snatching a few of those winks of which the exigencies of our nocturnal chase had deprived us, Mrs. Sunday's little family began to peer into our room; first a head, then shoulders, then a body, then another body, and we awoke to the knowledge that four little human beings were contemplating our repose. It availed little driving away the urchins and closing the door. Before we had time to become what we considered presentable, in walked the old priest with his blessing, and took up his position again on his chair. Mrs. Sunday quickly followed him, bringing in a tray with little cups of coffee thereon, and our life of publicity began.

All ablutions had perforce to be performed at a public tap outside. These taps are regular family institutions in Chios; they are generally rudely decorated with a carved marble slab covered with quaint devices, and here all the washing that the family requires is performed. Soap is plentiful enough here, being a local product, and is made out of the refuse of the olives with soda added. The Greeks are very superstitious about soap; they will not pass a piece from one to the other, it is sure to provoke a quarrel. Likewise olive oil is looked upon in the same light as salt with us — to spill it is most unlucky.

When we were dressed, and our coffee was finished, our host volunteered his services as cicerone. Our plan was to visit the objects of interest in Pyrgi before a stout lunch at eleven, and after that to devote our time to inspecting the immediate neighborhood of the place. So we left Mrs. Sunday spinning away. Her wheel was a simple one, being nothing but a framework of cane stuck into a stone to keep it up, and as she twirled her spindle, and wished us a good expedition, one might have thought she had walked straight out of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* for our benefit.

The parish church of Pyrgi is nothing much to look at outside. Yet within the wood carving is excellent, as indeed it

is universally in these island churches. There is the everlasting *tempelon*, a sort of rood screen of wood which shut off the holy of holies from the vulgar gaze. This is usually a labyrinth of carving, biblical subjects let in in panels, and wreaths of flowers around them. Carving in minute detail is quite a speciality here, and numerous crosses were for sale, the minuteness of the work on which was almost painful. The pulpit too at Pyrgi is a grand work of carving, as is also the *προσκυντήριο*, where the picture of the patron saint, "St Ballast of the People," is exposed to be kissed by the faithful. The gallery is a curious contrast to these works of art, being constructed of alternate panels of brilliant red and green. Outside the entrance stood rows of chimney-pots with what seemed to be miniature gibbets over them. We were informed that they were tombs over which no gravestone is put, but incense is kept continually burning inside the chimney-pots, suspended in little lamps from the gibbets.

Down a dark entrance I was next taken to visit one of the most exquisite little Byzantine churches I had ever seen, numerous as these are over the old Grecian empire, at Constantinople, Athens, and elsewhere. I don't think any pleased me more than this church at Pyrgi. It is entirely shut in by houses, and buried in a luxuriant garden. The red bricks have assumed a rich, mellow tint; the tooth patterns and intricate designs in brick are more than usually elaborate, and around the dome old Rhodian plates, let into the bricks, form an exceedingly rich decoration. The windows are narrow, and the patterns wander on carrying your eye into a deep recess where is a strip of glass scarcely a foot wide. The exterior is like a rich autumn leaf in coloring, or a bit of mediæval tapestry. Inside the dome is covered with frescoes blackened by age and dirt. The Turks made a stable of it during the revolution, and it appears scarcely to have been cleaned since.

From the churches our host took us to inspect an olive-oil factory of which there are several in Pyrgi, so that the stream which waters the village is brown with olive juice, like water tinged by peat in an Irish bog. Here they use no machinery or modern appliances in pressing the oil, merely the old primitive wooden press. Women, or sometimes mules, walk round and round revolving a wheel which crushes the olives; in this condition they put them into sacks and then into that "black-faced heifer which devours oakwood," as the

Chiotese in their figurative way are wont to describe their ovens. The sacks are then placed one over the other in the press, and two men turn a post which pulls a rope, which drags a stick, which tightens the press, and the oil oozes into the receptacle prepared for it, with water inside. The oil and water of course do not amalgamate, the dregs sink to the bottom, and the pure oil flows into jars prepared for it.

It is impossible to realize the affection people have for olives in a purely olive-growing country. "An olive with a kernel gives a boot to a man," is a true adage with them. It is the principal fattening and sustaining food in a country where hardly any meat is eaten. It takes the place of the potato in Ireland, and on the olive crop depends the welfare of many. An olive yard is presented to the church by way of glebe, and the peasants collect on a stated day to gather these sacred olives, which they buy from the church, and always at the highest market value.

The other objects we visited in Pyrgi did not interest us much. The streets are narrow and dark, and the inhabitants squalid. Moreover, we never could get it out of our heads that they were wicked; the women with the clowns' caps and bushy whiskers, I think uniformly gave us that impression. We went to the school and saw the female youth of Chios occupied in learning Western crochet, instead of Eastern embroidery as their mothers had done, and then we went to see several women weaving rugs of striped colors in their looms, here called an *ἀργαλέον*, just as in ancient days Homer used the word to express anything hard to do.

At eleven we fed off the remains of our last night's repast. During the progress of our meal I heard some curious, monotonous singing in the square, so I hastened to the window to see what it was. Some children were going from door to door singing a low dirge like the Breton storyteller who goes from fair to fair with his banner to illustrate the incidents of his song. One boy carried a long cane in his hand, on the top of which was perched a rude wooden bird which was moved to and fro in a supplicating fashion by means of a thread inside the cane. "These children," explained our host, "are having their swallow feast (*χελιδόνισμα*) to-day. Every spring when the first swallow has been seen the children claim a half holiday at Pyrgi; in some towns it is the 1st of March, and then they go round and beg for alms."

One boy carried a basket which was nearly full of eggs, another had a basketful of bread, another of olives, and as they went from door to door I caught the first line of their song, nothing more, "The swallow has come from the dark sea," and the rest was lost to me. Some weeks later on Palm Sunday I heard some children singing in a similar strain; this time a girl carried a doll dressed as a bride, and some wallflowers in her hair. Their song was equally monotonous, and reminded me strongly of what must have been a chorus in an old Greek play. The doll was waved in their arms from side to side, and their baskets were filled by the neighbors. I made the leading girl repeat slowly to me her words, and found that the doll was supposed to represent Lazarus, and that the words formed a sacred song, and ran as follows, "Then Christ weeps, and makes Hades to tremble as he says, 'Hades, Tartarus, and Charon, I demand Lazarus of you.'" No wonder ancient customs and ancient mythology are wonderfully blended with the new.

After lunch Mrs. Sunday showed us her linen cupboard full of things woven by herself and her female ancestors. Some of her rugs in stripes of color made us eager to possess, but she was our hostess, we could not summon up courage to make her an offer for her goods; then she had some pretty red and blue towels edged with home-made Greek lace, which struck us with such admiration that Mrs. Sunday was generous enough to present us with a pair. We felt almost as much embarrassed as if we had asked for them, and cast over our few possessions in our minds to find an equivalent to give her. Nothing presented itself as likely except a case of English needles, which were received with raptures. Wherever we went we found English needles appreciated, and they are the most portable and most valuable "beads for the natives" that can be found.

We were quite attached to Mrs. Sunday by this time, yet we could see she had a temper of her own which kept her numerous progeny in great awe. She was, as the Chiotess say, "Pinks to strangers, thistles to her friends." We saw her under both aspects, and enjoyed her as a pink excessively. Talking of pinks, we saw several dried ones in Mrs. Sunday's linen cupboard, which we imagined were intended to act the part of lavender and make the linen fragrant.

"Not at all," laughed she; "it is to preserve it from the rats."

"Good gracious," we replied, "this is a use for pinks we have never heard of."

Mrs. Sunday assumed then a solemn air and continued: "On St. Basil's Day put three pinks into your breast when you go to liturgy. On returning home take them out and cast one on the boards of your house so that it may fall to pieces, and you will be lucky for a year. Eat another with your household, and no sickness will come nigh your dwelling for a year. Put the third into your cupboard and for a year it will be free from the visitation of rats and mice."

It was quite a hot afternoon when we went out to inspect the environs of the town with our host. The year was yet young, but the sun had a great deal of power. The mastic groves were excessively uninteresting—low, dark green shrubs covered with a red powdery sort of flower; the stems bore evidence of the use of the knife, but August is the month for tapping. Both as regards scent and taste we had already acquired a disgust for mastic, and were glad to turn into a field where two bullocks were drawing a plough of primitive construction probably differing in no way from the ploughs which Homer would have seen if he had not been blind. It was formed of a young tree with two branches proceeding from the trunk in opposite directions. The trunk served as the pole, one branch stood up and served as the tail, the other had a bit of iron fixed into it, and penetrated the ground.

The country around Pyrgi has no pretensions to beauty, as I have already stated. Low, brown volcanic hills surround green valleys; hardly a tree, save the mastic, the olive, and the fig. From every eminence the sea is visible, dotted with islands. There is Psara quite close, the barren island of fishermen which fought so well for Greek independence; but owing to its geographical position amongst the Sporades, Psara was obliged to see the success her bravery had gained for others, and fall back itself into slavery. There are the rocky mountains of the north of Chios full of rich mineral treasures, — manganese, borosite, etc., — as our host explained, yet somehow the environs of Pyrgi did not please us much, and we were not sorry when rain came on which obliged us to join Mrs. Sunday once more.

Rain in spring is plentiful in the Sporades just as the warm weather commences, and winds, too, howl amongst them in the springtime with terrific vio-

lence. The sailors along the coast call each wind by its Italian name, but inland and up in the mountains Boreas the king of winds still rules under his ancient name.

A Greek islander has curious fancies about the many storms which visit his coasts. Thunder is the prophet Elias driving in his chariot in pursuit of devils; sometimes a hotly pursued devil takes refuge in a tree, and if lightning strikes this tree the peasants cross themselves and say, "Holy Elias has caught him."

Rain, they say, falls through holes in heaven, which is a species of sieve, and from the rainbow the peasants prognosticate many things about the weather and about the crops. In the morning a rainbow announces luck, in the evening woe, and the three colors denote what kind of harvest there will be. If red prevail the grape will prosper, if yellow the corn, if green the olive. It is curious to notice how in these points the ancient mythology is woven into the new. A rainbow is called the nun's girdle, doubtless an adaptation of the virgin goddess Iris. It is still God's messenger to mortal man to indicate where a hidden treasure is to be found, and in Chios great excitement still prevails whenever a rainbow is seen, for at the revolution every one hid his treasures in the earth before he fled from the Turkish slaughter. Many died or never returned to dig them up, and the discovery of some of these buried treasures from time to time serves to keep up the excitement.

Our second evening at Pyrgi was passed much as the last, saving that an ancient fowl was substituted for the tender kid, and no dancing closed the evening's revelry. The priest was in attendance again, and so were the vermin, and however much we regretted taking leave of Mrs. Sunday next morning our sorrow had its alleviation.

Then arose the difficulty of remunerating our host and hostess for their kindness. No money of course would be taken—for were we not the friends of their great friend who had given us the letter of introduction?—to receive money would be a distinct breach of hospitality. Experience however in these matters had taught me how to place a coin in the hands of one of the children of the house whilst her mother was looking on, and after this difficult point was settled, I have reason to believe Mrs. Sunday's kiss of farewell was really genuine.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Golden Hours.

CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS.

THE eighteenth and nineteenth centuries differ as decidedly in their letters as in any other particular. When we remember that at present more than a thousand millions of letters are posted every year, in the United Kingdom, not including hundreds of millions of postcards, telegrams etc., and when we further remember that we rely on their punctual delivery as surely as on the regularity of the solar system, the contrast with the "good old days" is startling. Writers of a certain school are never tired of describing, with mild enthusiasm, the "cheery" postboy on his trotting nag, or the "well-appointed" mail coach, ambitiously styled "Lightning" or "Thunderbolt," tearing away at the bewildering speed of nine or even ten miles an hour. What desperate despatch there was in running out the fresh horses where a change was made, and what a feat had been accomplished when the London mail reached Edinburgh in four days! These pictures are possibly bewitching to some,—in this as in many other cases "distance lends enchantment to the view." For our own part we cannot help remembering that these romantic postboys sometimes lingered at country inns; and that the letters were not only a long time on the road, but not unfrequently failed to reach their destination. Then, as to the mail-coach about which so much has been written, it was a sorry, humdrum, jog-trot affair at its best. What an antiquated, jingling old concern it appears by the side of the mail of the present day, with its hundreds of passengers, rushing at fifty or sixty miles an hour, over valleys and rivers, through hills and rocks, now along a high embankment, now deep in a cutting; flinging mail-bags out, and snatching others up as it goes, and reaching Edinburgh in nine hours from London, with half an hour for dinner on the way. And with all this improvement in the delivery, there is an equally surprising contrast in the cost. In those days but few letters could be sent, even between neighboring towns, for less than one shilling; now you can communicate with Russia and even China for one halfpenny. But while we may complacently compare past and present in all matters of despatch and method, what about the letters themselves? The post-bag that was jolted along at some eight miles an hour contained but few letters, perhaps; but they were very frequently elaborate, well-writ-

ten epistles -- polished and superior in style to much that is nowadays specially written for publication. The penny postage system has done wonders -- it has increased our correspondence a thousand-fold; it has revolutionized our trade and made distant lands seem near, and at the same time proved fatal to letter-writing as an art. In the old days a letter was an important affair, not to be lightly scribbled, and only sent when the writer had something to say. In the present day all the resources of steam and science are strained to deliver promptly letters that are very often jerky, scrawled effusions, the style, and frequently the sense, being sacrificed to the writer's determination to abbreviate and condense, after the manner of the postcard and telegram. If some of the stately letter-writers of the past century were to "re-visit the glimpses of the moon" they would not be more surprised by the postal system of these days than by the modern letter itself; while they would be bewildered by the advance in one respect, they would be shocked at the retrogression in the other.

Horace Walpole seems to be, by common consent, regarded as the king of letter-writers; and others, such as Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lord Chesterfield, are remembered chiefly because of their skill in that line of composition. We must confess, however, that their productions seem a little too stiff and artificial to be altogether pleasing. They, too evidently, belong to an age that was not less graceful than ceremonious and unreal -- an age of powder, paint, and padding. While there is much to charm and amuse, there is also an excess of stilted compliment and flowery rhetoric which jars on the modern ear. We think there is something infinitely preferable in the letters of the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. Charles Lamb was endowed with just those qualities and gifts which are the requisites of a successful letter-writer. His humor, his exquisite prose, his keen critical faculties, and especially his charming chit-chat on all sorts of subjects, such as literature, his friends' peculiarities, the incidents of his domestic and business life, -- all these help to make his letters the literary gems they are. The fame of Charles Lamb is a growing fame. In his own day he was but little known by the general public, and even now, though his essays are extensively read, we think he merits a much wider recognition. We have a proof of his extraordinary gifts in the fact that all,

or nearly all, the chief literary men of his day, some of them intellectual giants, were his friends, and esteemed it a privilege to meet at his house. Charles Lamb's suppers were doubtless very poor affairs as such in comparison with the magnificent hospitality of Holland House; but we doubt whether that stately home, which has for generations welcomed talent and culture of all sorts, ever brought together at one time a company excelling in splendid gifts and true genius, the men who used to meet round the literary clerk's modest table. There you might meet the simple-minded but deeply read George Dyer, the mathematical Manning, the scholarly and silver-tongued De Quincey. There, also, the ever-jubilant Leigh Hunt, rivalling his host in daring puns; gentle Tom Hood, full of poetry and wit; Godwin, Holcroft, Talfourd, and Hazlitt, each famous in his way, and last and greatest of the group, Robert Southey, poet-laureate and polished gentleman; Wordsworth, the inspired leader of a literary reformation, and S. T. Coleridge, poet, scholar, thinker, and the finest talker England has produced. The man who could attract such a constellation, who could inspire warm friendship and esteem in such men, must have been gifted in no ordinary degree. And those who were never privileged to see or hear him, but who know him only through his writings, soon come to think of him as a personal friend, and to echo Macaulay's words, "We admire his genius, we love the kind nature which appears in all his writings, and we cherish his memory as if we had known him personally." Readers may be divided into two classes: those who like Charles Lamb, and those who know nothing about him; and as far as we know, there is but one man of mark who is not included in such a classification -- the mournful, solitary exception being Thomas Carlyle. It would be remarkable, indeed, if Lamb had escaped a hard word from one who abused and maligned all his contemporaries; therefore we were not surprised at seeing him referred to in Carlyle's "Reminiscences" as a "stammering, stuttering tom-fool," together with other epithets, indicative chiefly of the excessive bile of the writer.

Charles Lamb was by no means so great a man as Carlyle, but he excelled him in the generous and kindly tone of his correspondence. Never does he depreciate a friend, never does he snarl at a contemporary; the success of others is not gall and wormwood to him, and he never de-

generates into cynicism; whereas in the "Reminiscences" of the greater man there is little else. Carlyle has written grandly about heroes and philosophers, but he was an eminently difficult man to live with, as his wife's literary remains show; whereas Charles Lamb—though his writings dealt not with heroics—acted the hero in supporting and comforting his afflicted sister for more than thirty years.

It is somewhat strange that Charles Lamb's letters should not be more widely read, since the public welcomes eagerly any books containing private correspondence and diaries. It may be that the absence of all bitterness and spite renders them unattractive to the taste of some; but for our own part we welcome them, as showing how possible it is for a man to be a wit and a humorist, and yet not to make it his business in life to

Spy, smirk, scoff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl and sneer,

as Swinburne characteristically puts it.

Most people from their own experience, will be able to appreciate the following from a letter to Bernard Barton:—

"Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot. My fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; no thing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge Park's wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. My hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off. Oh, for a vigorous fit of gout, colic, toothache—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organ. Pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold, a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities, but they only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late at nights, but do not find any visible amendment."

Many of his best letters were written to

this same Bernard Barton, a bank clerk and poet, living in the little Suffolk town, Woodbridge. Moreover, with all his gaiety, and we had almost said nonsense, Lamb could give very sound advice. Barton, at one time, felt inclined to give up his connection with the bank, and try his hand as an author, and consulted Lamb on the subject. There was no mistaking the answer:—

"Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself, rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash, headlong upon iron spikes."

The whole letter clearly shows that though Lamb often bewailed the fact that he had to attend an office for a few hours every day, he was really thankful for such regular employment, and regarded "as worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependent, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task work."

There is naturally more criticism and literary discussion in the letters to Wordsworth and Coleridge, than in those to friends not actually authors. Lamb was an ardent admirer of all sorts of books. He could never resist the temptation to linger at an old bookstall; and often he came upon such treasures that he could scarcely keep up the air of indifference which is necessary in bargaining for second-hand volumes. He was deeply read in the Elizabethan poets, and delighted in quoting quaint passages from out-of-the-way writers. His devotion to that class of literature had a good deal to do with his style, which is exquisitely simple, and yet now and then borders on the pedantic—a style which it is equally impossible to improve or to imitate. But, though so strongly attached to the quaint old authors of a past age, he had a lively interest in the works of his contemporaries. These letters show what a high opinion Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge had of his judgment and taste; and how constantly they submitted their productions to him. Charles Lamb was a real critic. He did not hunt out faults and then consider his duty done. He was always ready to praise and encourage; eager to dwell upon the beauties of what he read. But though the authors to whom he wrote were his personal friends, he never failed to indicate faults and weaknesses; nor did he indulge in inappropriate praise, which is ever more galling than the most indiscriminate

abuse. The letters to his more famous friends are, however, by no means confined to literary subjects. From the correspondence with Coleridge, we get a most vivid account of that frenzied outbreak of his sister, which resulted in their mother's death. The letters were written just after the terrible occurrence, when all the horrors were still uppermost in his mind. After giving Coleridge the facts, poor Lamb continues:—

"Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'former things have passed away,' and I have something else to do than to feel. God Almighty have us all in his keeping!"

In a subsequent letter, he relates how some so-called friends had called at his father's house, (before the funeral) and were eating and making merry.

"When," he says, "the recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room,—a mother who through life wished nothing but her children's welfare,—indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell upon my knees by the side of the coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon."

This sudden and terrible blow brought to light heroic qualities in Lamb's character, which might otherwise have never been suspected. He resolved to stand by his afflicted sister and his infirm, childish father, though his elder brother, a much richer man, shirked the responsibility. Once more we quote from a letter to Coleridge:—

"I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merry days,' not the pleasant days of hope, not those 'wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back on earth for one day!—on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain! and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh! my friend, cultivate the

filial feelings; and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence."

The resolution here formed was never broken. The story of Charles and Mary Lamb is as pathetic and interesting as anything in literary history; and we know of nothing more touching than the account of how they were met one day, walking through the fields to the asylum, hand in hand and both in tears. The history of Lamb's life, from this great trial to his death, shows that he was endowed, not only with rich and boisterous humor, but also with a great and generous heart.

In reading these letters we become intimate not only with Lamb himself, but also with many of his friends. The sound-hearted, but often wrong-headed, George Dyer is so often brought before the reader, that at length we grow accustomed to his strange freaks and feel no surprise at any absent-minded absurdity. Here is a picture from a letter to Professor Manning:

"At length George Dyer's phrenitis has come to a crisis; he is raging and furiously mad. I waited upon the Heathen, Thursday was a se'nnight. The first symptom which struck my eye and gave me incontrovertible proof of the fatal truth, was a pair of nankeen pantaloons four times too big for him, which the said Heathen did pertinaciously affirm to be new. They were absolutely ingrained with the accumulated dirt of ages; but he affirmed them to be clean. He was going to visit a lady that was nice about those things, and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day. And then he danced, and capered, and fidgeted, and pulled up his pantaloons and hugged his intolerable flannel vestment closer around his poetic loins. Anon he gave it loose to the zephyrs, which plentifully insinuate their tiny bodies through every crevice, door, window, or wainscot expressly formed for the exclusion of such impertinents. Then he caught at a proof-sheet, and caught up a laundress's bill instead,—made a dart at Bloomfield's poems and threw them in agony aside. I could not bring him to one direct reply; he could not maintain his jumping mind in a right line for the tithe of a moment by Clifford's clock."

Some of the exploits of Dyer seem almost incredible. In a fit of abstraction he walked straight into a canal at noon-day, and had to spend some few days in bed in consequence. Lamb persuaded him to go to Primrose Hill to see the

Persian ambassador worship the sun at six o'clock on a November morning. Another time he was informed by Lamb that the premier thought of making him a peer. Poor Dyer was greatly alarmed, and pleaded that he was unsuitable for anything of the kind.

"But you can't help yourself," replied his tormentor.

On another occasion Dyer hurriedly called on Leigh Hunt late at night, and swelling with importance informed him that the secret of the "Waverley Novels" was out at last, and that Lord Castlereagh was the author. To his chagrin, Leigh Hunt burst into laughter, and said, "I'll wager you had that from Charles Lamb," which was true enough. At the same time there was a very real friendship between the two men, as is proved by the following from a letter to Wordsworth:—

"The oftener I see Dyer, the more deeply I admire him. He is goodness itself. If I could but calculate the precise date of his death, I would write a novel on purpose to make George the hero. I could hit him off to a hair."

More than once when Lamb has filled the greater part of a long letter with jokes at Dyer's expense, he ends by saying, "God bless his dear, absurd old head."

Perhaps the best of all the letters are those written to Thomas Manning, who was a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, when Lloyd introduced him to Lamb in the autumn of 1799. The two men, unlike in many respects—for Lamb was by no means a mathematician—exactly suited each other, and their friendship remained unbroken through life. Manning for a long time had a great wish to visit China, and finally undertook the voyage—not, however, without vigorous and imploring protests from his friend. Thus, in a long letter, we find Lamb pointing out the ghastly possibilities of the undertaking:—

"Some say they are cannibals—and then conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! The Tartars really are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Eat nothing that gives the heartburn. Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. . . . Have a care, my dear friend, of the anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at five-pence a

pound; to sit at table (the reverse of fishes from Holland) not as a guest, but as a meat."

In spite of all these melancholy forebodings, Manning carried out his long-cherished intention, and some of these letters reached him when in the Celestial Empire, notably one written on Dec. 25th, 1815, beginning:—

"Dear Old Friend and Absentee—This is Christmas Day, 1815, with us; what it may be with you I know not, the 12th of June next year, perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savory, grand, Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches; or, churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of 'Unto us a child was born,' faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with hollytide; my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-chang-fo and his foolish priesthood!"

Notwithstanding all Lamb's gloomy predictions, Manning returned to England in due season, uneaten and uncooked, and possibly was able to give Lamb a few hints on the origin of roasted pork in China—a subject discussed in one of the best "Essays of Elia." In the correspondence with Manning there are so many choice passages, such a wealth of humor and kindly feeling, happily expressed, that it is difficult to decide when to cease to quote. We must content ourselves, however, with one or two more specimens selected at random. We feel sure that all who are in a position to give an opinion will agree with the general sentiment of the following, though perhaps the ladies will not endorse all that is said:—

"What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in the word 'moving'! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart—old dredging-

boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want; but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul. They'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret."

Our space allows us but one more quotation — one which bears so many marks of Lamb's style that it could be recognized as his at once. It is the beginning of a letter to a friend, to whom he had given a dog, and was written when a dread of hydrophobia was general: —

"Excuse me, but how is 'Dash'? Goeth he muzzled or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up, it is a sign — that he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many a dog about here. Is his general deportment cheerful? — I mean when he is pleased, for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bitten any of the children yet? If he has — have them shot; and keep *him* to see if it was the hydrophobia. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways."

These letters have many merits. Though they are evidently genuine letters — not carefully prepared essays intended for print — they nevertheless abound in passages equal in style and humor to anything in his published works. Good jokes, good puns, quaint fancies, and felicitous quotations are constantly recurring throughout the series. In many an eloquent passage he proclaims his love for London — placing her streets above all the mountain ranges, or smiling valleys, in the world. In acknowledging a present of game or brawn, he breaks out into a strain of eulogy, rivalling in happily chosen terms his more famous tribute to

the sucking pig, and winds up with a neat joke, "*Præsens ut absens* — that is, your *present* makes amends for your absence." Here you will find page after page of sound criticism of books and plays — hastily written, often scribbled from his business office, but far superior to the carefully elaborated nonsense that passes for criticism in these days. But the greatest charm of the letters is the manner in which the author unwittingly sketches his own character. All Lamb's writings abound in autobiographical details; but there is naturally more direct reference to himself and his affairs in his letters than in the essays. He displays his tastes, his weaknesses, his prejudices, and fancies continually; and indulges in tales of his childhood and sketches of his everyday life in a manner that never tires. But few writers can deal with those topics without making the reader yawn. We have said that these letters give a faithful sketch of the author; and the conclusion we come to when closing the book is, that Lamb was not only a wit and a humorist of the first rank; not only a prose-writer and critic unsurpassed even by his brilliant contemporaries; but also as modest and kindly a soul as ever lived. These pages show, too, that his conduct as a son and a brother were beyond all praise; and that, though he was the ever-welcome companion of the great and famous, he was always eager to find out and befriend the unfortunate and to help the needy.

SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES.

From The Spectator.

THE IRISH "CORONATION STONE."

THE Irish have discovered a fresh grievance, and the honorable member for Ennis is the mouthpiece of their wrongs. Mr. Kenny has given notice that in his place in Parliament he intends to demand of the first commissioner of works on what grounds the public notice formerly affixed to the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey has been altered by the omission of all reference to that which has been hitherto generally recognized and admitted as an historical fact — viz., that this stone, transported from Scone to Westminster by Edward I. as a symbol of his suzerainty over Scotland, had its earlier home in Ireland, and after having been used for the coronation of a long series of Irish kings, was carried to Scotland by Fergus,

the Irish king who subdued that country. Such a grievance is none the less real because it is a sentimental one, and—shall we say?—because it has not the slightest foundation in fact. Myths are often more powerful to stir the feelings than the most palpable realities; and though if one thing is absolutely certain, it is that the Coronation Stone, whatever its history may have been, never was in Ireland at all, and that the whole legend of its transportation to Scotland by an Irish conqueror to emphasize the fact of his subjugation of the country is a baseless fiction, we shall not be a bit surprised if Mr. Kenny succeeds in lashing his countrymen into fury at this fresh insult done to their nation by the "base and brutal" Saxon. The thing touches a sensitive people just in their tenderest place, national vanity. That the coronation stone of England should be a native Irish stone, and that the long line of English sovereigns who have been inaugurated upon it should be mere creatures of yesterday—heirs of the third degree—compared with those monarchs who, in far distant ages, took their seat upon it on the royal hill of Tara, and were recognized as rightful claimants of the throne by its mysterious sounds, would, if true, be something to be not unreasonably proud of. It might, in some illogical way, bolster up delusive fancies of that Irish political supremacy which, indeed, recent events have done so much to foster. To lose this visible evidence of Ireland's superior antiquity and dignity cannot be tolerated,—at least, not without a protest. That Ireland should be practically England's mistress; that all imperial legislation should be in her hands to permit or to hinder; that the fate of a powerful ministry may hang upon Irish votes; that she should be allowed to threaten our public buildings and blow up our railway stations by "holy dynamite"—the nineteenth-century representative of *la Sainte Guillotine*,—all this pales before the national insult recently perpetrated. That must be redressed, or Ireland will know the reason why. Again, like a spoiled child crying for the moon, she will have what she cries for, or she will make those who refuse it very uncomfortable.

And what is it that the honorable member for Ennis and those whose spokesman he is are asking for? Nothing less than the perpetuation of a ridiculous fiction which never ought to have disgraced our great national temple. Westminster Abbey, historically at least, ought to be the

temple of truth. Whatever mendacity may, by common consent, be permissible in epitaphs, the Abbey is no place for silly fables—

et quicquid Hibernia mendax
Audet in historia.

We cannot recall what the words of the inscription the alteration of which is made the ground of complaint may have been; but we are dimly conscious of some grandly sounding sentences of the late highly gifted dean, whose strong point was not historical accuracy, of this stone forming "a link between the throne of England and the traditions of Tara and Iona," which may have formed part of it. But accepting Mr. Kenny's own account, we feel that the present dean and chapter deserve our thanks for removing what was calculated to call up a blush on the cheek of every sensible visitor. In truth, few tales can be more silly than those connected with this so-called "Stone of Destiny;" so silly, indeed, as hardly to deserve the trouble of repetition. And yet, in the words of Mr. Skene, whose essay on the "Coronation Stone" has brought the dry light of trustworthy, documentary history—and, we may add, of common sense—to bear upon the popular myth, the "legend has such a hold of the Scottish," and as the present protest shows, of the Irish, "mind, that it is not easily dislodged. It stands in all its naked improbability, a solitary waif from the sea of myth and fable with which modern criticism has hardly ventured to meddle, and which modern scepticism has not cared to question."

The tale of the wanderings of the stone from Egypt by way of Spain and Ireland, first to Dunstaffnage, and then to Scone, halting, perhaps, at Iona on its way, is a sample of that spirit of absurdity which characterized the works of most of our earlier chroniclers when they ventured to go back into the mists of the prehistoric period in support of some favorite theory, or in defence of some threatened possession. The legend, first emerging in the struggle for Scottish independence, was wrought into a consistent narrative by Fordun, and finally elaborated by the weak and credulous Hector Boece, when evoking that formidable series of shadowy kings whose forty portraits—all the product of one pencil—hang on the walls of the gallery at Holyrood. In point of fact, there are two legends, one Scottish and one Irish, each equally fabulous, which in process of time, though quite

antagonistic to each other, have got mixed up, and, inconvenient details being prudently dropped, have been fashioned into a tolerably consistent whole. We must almost ask our readers' pardon for introducing such ridiculous distortions of history to their notice; but it is necessary that the legend should be seen in all its naked absurdity. The tale, as given by Boece and Fordun, and other such manipulators of history, is briefly this. A certain Greek, Gathelus by name, a contemporary either of the Athenian Cecrops or of the Argive Neolus, went to Egypt at the time of the Exodus, where he married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and, after the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, fled with her and the remnant who had escaped drowning along the north coast of Africa till they reached Gibraltar. Thence they crossed to Spain, where Gathelus founded a kingdom at Brigantium, now Compostella. Here he and his descendants for many generations reigned, having as their royal seat "the Stone of Destiny," *lapis fatalis cathedræ instar*,—the fatal stone like a chair, which wherever it was found, promised sovereignty to the Scots, the descendants of the eponymic daughter of Pharaoh, the princess Scota. On the earlier history of this stone chair—for as such, not a mere rough block of stone like that now at Westminster, it is always described in the earlier forms of the story—the Scottish historians are discreetly silent. It is to English chroniclers alone that we owe the strange legend—the authority for which Sir Roger de Coverley, on his visit to the Abbey, asked, and asked in vain, but which the Anglo-Israelite fanatics bid us accept as a sacred truth—that the Coronation Stone was Jacob's pillow at Bethel, which he afterwards set up as a standing stone, or *menhir*. We do not find any attempt to bridge over the gulf, and explain how the sacred stone—certainly not a very portable commodity, nor one which *a priori* one would think there was much object in removing—got into our northern latitudes. The wondrous romance which the Rev. G. Albert Rogers, and Mr. Hine, and the other adherents of the popular craze of Anglo-Israelism have spun out of their inner consciousness was then still undeveloped. The world had not yet been enlightened with the marvellous story of Jacob's pillar having been taken down by the patriarch into Egypt, brought back again by Moses and the Israelites, whom it accompanied in all their wanderings, and, after having been

"rejected by the builders," and carried by Jeremiah into Egypt a second time and then back again to Jerusalem, being finally conveyed by the prophet in the ships of Dan as the title-deeds of the "Princess Tephî, Princess Royal of Judah"—a lady, we need not say, utterly unknown to Holy Scripture—to the shores of Ireland, where the young king, "Eochard II," having been converted from Baal-worship by Jeremiah and his companion, Baruch the scribe, received the hand of the princess royal as his reward, and was crowned with his queen on the much-travelled Stone of Destiny, set up on the hill of Tara. How much of this precious nonsense—accepted as religious truth by a large and increasing number of half-educated simpletons—forms part of Mr. Kenny's contention we cannot say. There is nothing to show whether he identifies the Coronation Stone with Jacob's pillar or no. The point where he takes up the thread appears to be at its fabled transportation from the older to the modern Scotia—from Ireland to Scotland. This, it is asserted, was on the subjugation of Scotland by Fergus the Irish king. The stone which had served for the coronation of successive generations of monarchs, the descendants of a certain most queerly named "Simon Breck," himself sprung from Pharaoh's son-in-law Gathelus, who according to Boece first brought the chair from Spain to Ireland, and was crowned in it as king of that country, was, the legend says, taken by Fergus to Argyle, and ultimately set up at Dunstaffnage, bearing the legend,—

Ni fallat fatum Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Forty kings, whose only existence is in Boece's own inventive mind, were successively crowned on it. The last of these was driven back to Ireland. His nephew, Fergus MacErc, returned and was crowned in the marble chair, which he subsequently transferred to Scone, where it rested from its wanderings for some seven centuries, till it was again transported, as one of the most precious spoils of victory, by our own Edward I. to Westminster.

This last is really the only certain fact in the history of the Coronation Stone. There is no doubt that the stone was at Scone, and was regarded with mysterious veneration as in some way connected with the Scottish monarchy, and that it was carried by Edward I. to his father's newly built Abbey of Westminster. Fergus

MacErc, it is true, was a real personage, the conqueror, not (*pace* Mr. Kenny) of Scotland, but of the corner of it now known as Argyre, in the sixth century, and the first of the historic kings of Dalriada. But there is not a thread of trustworthy evidence to connect him in any way with the stone. There is not the slightest allusion to its history in any one of the Scottish Chronicles written before the fourteenth century. We learn from them that Scone was the meeting-place of the National Council as early as the tenth century, and that the Scottish kings were there inaugurated by being placed in the "royal chair of stone," but we find no reference to its sacred character, or to its long and singular migrations. Absolutely the first to mention the legend is Baldred Bisset, in the memorial which, in 1301, he drew up as commissioner from the Scottish government to plead the cause of the independence of the kingdom before the pope. As Mr. Skene remarks, "The derivation of the kingdom from the Scots, and their progress from Egypt through Spain and Ireland to Scotland, was the tale opposed to that of the king of England. It seems to have occurred to Baldred that he would strengthen his argument if he made the *eponyma* of the Scots, Scota herself, bring the Coronation Stone with her on her wanderings; and I venture to suggest that we owe the origin of the legend to the patriotic ingenuity of Baldred Bisset."

Once invented, it was "eagerly caught up and applied to the Scottish fable in its different stages of development." In one of these stages it became identified with the *Lia Fail*, the Irish Stone of Destiny, at Tara; and it is the virtual ignoring of this identification by the Abbey authorities which Mr. Kenny is denouncing as a fresh insult to Ireland.

But if one thing is certain, it is that the Irish and Scotch legends point to two different stones used for the same purpose, and that they are utterly incompatible with one another. As Mr. Skene has said, "while the Scotch legend brings the stone at Scone from Ireland, the Irish legend brings the stone at Tara from Scotland." It is also equally certain, first, that the *Lia Fail* never left Tara at all, where it was to be seen, though its place had been shifted, in 1839, when Mr. Petrie contributed his memoir on the subject to the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy" (vol. xviii., p. 149); and secondly, that there was no such stone known in Scotland when, in obedience to a vision,

in 574 A.D., St. Columba consecrated Aidan as king of the Scots of Argyre. We have two detailed accounts by contemporary writers of the ceremony, in which, if ever, the Stone of Destiny might have been expected to play a prominent part, but throughout the whole there is not the slightest allusion to it. According to Mr. Petrie, the *Lia Fail*—otherwise known as the "roaring stone," from its miraculous property of sounding under a rightful king when placed upon it at his inauguration, and remaining silent under a usurper—was originally placed on the side of the "Hill of the Hostages," and remained in the same spot "till some time after 1798, when it was removed to its present situation in the Rath, called the 'Forradh,' to mark the grave of a rebel slain at Tara in the insurrection of that year." He continues, "It is a phallic stone, as its popular name, *Bod Fhear-ghais*, indicates." If the Irish have in later times adopted the fables of Boece and Fordun, it has been in direct violation of their own records, in none of which do these silly legends receive the slightest support. Keating was the first Irish writer to accept them, in his "History of Ireland," in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and that with the palpable object of supporting the right of Charles I. to his throne. In the words of Mr. Petrie, it must be regarded "in the highest degree improbable that the Irish should have voluntarily parted with a monument so venerable for its antiquity, and considered essential to the legitimate succession of their kings, to gratify the desire of a colony,"—and, we may add, to transfer, by the destiny attaching to the stone, the seat of sovereignty from the Irish soil to that of their newly conquered dependency.

One additional argument in favor of the Scottish origin of the Coronation Stone is its geological character. It has been examined by two of the most eminent geologists of the day, Professor Ramsay and Professor Geikie, who agree in describing it as a block of red sandstone, perfectly resembling the sandstone to be found in the neighborhood of Scone itself, or that of which Dunstaffnage Castle is built. Professor Ramsay adds that it cannot have been derived from any of the rocks of Tara, which are of the carboniferous age, nor from those of Iona, where no red sandstone exists; and that it is equally impossible that it should have belonged to the limestone rocks round Bethel, or the nummulitic strata of Egypt.

The whole matter cannot be better summed up than it has been by Mr. Skene in the concluding paragraph of his "Coronation Stone:" "It was the custom of Celtic tribes to inaugurate their kings on a sacred stone, supposed to symbolize the monarchy. The Irish kings were inaugurated on the Lia Fail, which never was anywhere but at Tara, the *sedes principalis* of Ireland; and the kings in Scotland, first of the Pictish monarchy and afterwards of the Scottish kingdom which succeeded it, were inaugurated on this stone, which never was anywhere but at Scone, the *sedes principalis* both of the Pictish and Scottish kingdoms." Unless Mr. Kenny and his friends are more led by passion than by argument, and give more weight to baseless fiction than to sober historical facts, the unreality of this supposed grievance, in the face of ascertained history, will be evident, and — dare we hope it? — the angry passions that have been aroused will subside.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

From The Spectator.
CONQUEST AND CHARACTER.

ONE of the oddest things in these discussions about the effect of conquest which have recently recommenced, as they recommenced in the eighteenth century, and will recommence in the twentieth, is the idea of those opposed to the process that, as regards the character of the people conquered, conquest can have no compensations. Conquest, they think, must degrade at any rate, if it enriches. Mr. Gladstone in all speeches on the subject implies that; and the Comtists and most of the extreme Radicals maintain the same thesis. The English, in fact, in their natural boldness, and the regularity of the life which has been around them for centuries, appear to have lost all comprehension of the main circumstances of semi-civilized and savage life, or, at least, all sympathy for their main trouble. They have forgotten what is the effect of continuous and hereditary terror upon all but the boldest or the most resigned races. Conquest produces many evils, and may destroy or seriously impair originating power, as it seems to have done to an extreme degree in South America, and has done in a less degree in British India, where, for example, the wonderful native power in architecture has withered quite

away; but it has, or may have, some noteworthy compensations which are not material. The special feature of semi-civilized, and still more, of savage life, is that under it the mass of mankind are the victims of continuous terror. Sometimes, as in Feejee, the people are always liable to torture and insult — which they feel keenly — or death, which they dislike less, at discretion. Thakombau and the other chiefs used to kill men and violate women when they would. If they launched boats, and rollers were not handy, they made men lie down lengthways, and rolled the boats over them, smiling as the weight crushed out their bowels and their lives. In India rent, till we came, was levied by torture, and brigandage was rampant in almost every district; those who had anything, even the poor, being forced to disgorge by pain. In the Soudan, all men not protected by an armed tribe were liable to be kidnapped — that is, to be sold into slavery, marched hundreds of miles under the lash, and left, if they had even blistered feet, to die of hunger in the desert. In some districts, every girl had been outraged and tortured. In European Turkey, to this hour, no Christian household is secure for a day that its boys will not be tortured, its girls carried away to harems, at the will of the great men; or, worse, of the soldiery, let loose to comfort themselves for the want of monthly pay. In Indo-China, the mandarins killed almost whom they would, and no one who possessed anything could be sure of passing through life without enduring torture. Throughout southern Asia, the most ordinary operations of government, tax-collecting, road-making, the maintenance of order, are controlled by men who make of cruelty an habitual instrument. The fear, too, of hunger — which, for some reason to us unknown, but quite certain, is the most maddening of fears — was never wholly absent. The man without land was never free from it; and the man with land had to dread drought, and therefore famine, as well as the oppression which took from him the whole crop. The millions hurt one another, too, each man preying upon his neighbor, until the dominant, all-pervading, mental influence in the country, expressing itself and intensifying itself in its creed, was terror. This terror was increased by other and more direct sufferings. We English, in our temperate climate, hardly know what it is to fear the hostility of nature, fire, storm, and flood; and, under our civilized arrangements, do not realize how a popula-

tion without doctors or hygienic traditions can suffer from disease. The bold correspondent of the *Daily News* who has gone with Admiral Hewett to Abyssinia, and who sees everything, though with the eyes apparently of a townsman, reports that in that country seven in ten of all the people seem in some way to be seriously diseased, and to feel their sufferings till they are ready to worship any rough-and-ready but fairly efficient European doctor. The writer himself has lived in countries where a twentieth of the population had faces like tripe, so deep and close were the pits of small-pox, where every child seemed to have, more or less, ophthalmia—the true proportion was probably one in five—and where victorious brigandage had taken the very souls out of the people, and stamped their faces with a look which in England we only see in Bethlehem and St. Luke's.

A life of this kind, in which terror is the dominant force, and continues for generations, destroys human character. Scientific men believe that the peculiar rage of wild beasts, which is like nothing else, a rage compounded of fear and blood-thirst, is the result of the hereditary hunger which must come to animals who live by slaughter, and does not come to animals who can eat grass; and men are influenced like animals. In some races their terror breeds a dull ferocity, like that of the wilder Caribs. In some it produces the slave qualities, an incapability of truthfulness, or honor, or fidelity,—such as is seen among Egyptians, or the lower races of India and Indo-China. In some it produces "apathy," as we call it,—that is, a despair which seems incurable, and is incurable in one generation. In several, naturally bold, it breeds a fierce suspiciousness, an unmanageableness, as the Europeans say, which is found in some negro tribes, and, as we think—though this opinion has been developed only from reading—is traceable among almost all the tribes of Australia and New Guinea. In others, as the Egyptians, many Christian races of Turkey, the tribes under Turkoman rule, and formerly the Bengalees, the manly virtues die away and are replaced by lying, submissiveness, and a dull, fatalistic resignation to what happens, be it what it may. In all, selfishness grows supreme. It is impossible, amid such misery, such chances, such misfortunes, to think of anything except self-defence; self becomes the sole pivot, even conjugal love dying, though parental and filial feeling may remain; and in the

generations the very power of sympathy dies away, as it is known to do among slaves, who punish each other by order without a wince. This is the true origin of that pitilessness, that entire absence of sympathy for human pain, which the natives of India, who are by nature distinctly not cruel, will in their moments of confidence acknowledge to be the differentiating quality between themselves and Europeans. The pressure has been too severe, and men have become like animals, compelled to think first of themselves, overmastered by their own wants, their own sufferings, their own terrors, which, if they are imaginative at all—as, for example, all men with Arab blood in them are, and all dark men with any Aryan strain—rise to morbid heights.

European conquest lifts up, or at least may lift up, this pressure. The liability to torture at the will of individuals, for example, ceases at once. Neither Englishmen, Russians, nor Frenchmen allow that to continue. Hunger almost ceases; human beings, when sure of the fruits of their industry, rarely failing to raise enough to eat, or to accumulate some surplus, which civilized order permits them to distribute. Brigandage in its all-pervading form dies away, the European feeling an angry contempt for that kind of disorder which induces him to stop it with a heavy hand. Disease grows lighter, partly from the slow spread of hygienic knowledge and the presence of instructed doctors, but chiefly from the increased vitality of the population; and last, and best of all, the women, who run in such countries a double risk and are always weak, feel moderately safe and happy. They can keep out of the way of mischief, and are protected by law sharply enforced, and are treated more or less—for conquering races are not all like each other—as human beings. Do the opponents of conquest fancy that such changes have no effect on character? On the contrary, they often change it radically, always change so much, that the alteration is perceptible to the Europeans who have produced it, and is not always agreeable. They hate the vices born of terror, yet can bear them with less irritation than the vices which often accompany restored confidence. Naturally, among races so depressed the certainty of justice produces first of all a relaxation of the intense self-control previously exercised, and the European says good temper disappears, a change often observable among Indians who have become Christian. The habit-

ual cringingness vanishes; and the peculiar self-assertion, often verging on insolence, which replaces it, is intensely disagreeable. Independence springs up, and with independence self-will, which, if you live by giving orders and getting them obeyed, and are still the wiser or more sensible of the two parties, is far from attractive. And finally, courage revives. It is quite true that there are races in which courage seems to survive almost any extent of oppression; but, as a rule, courage requires the support of self-confidence, and under constant humiliation it dies almost entirely away. Hardly any hope will teach slaves to rebel, even when they are of the masters' color and race, — the secret of the otherwise inexplicable security of the Roman system in provinces where German and Gaulish slaves must have outnumbered the freemen by five to one; and if color or race are different, they often will not rise at all. The courage is dead, to revive, when they have once realized their freedom, with a suddenness which to their former masters is not only amazing but terrible, and when color-pride comes in, almost unbearable. The occurrence of this change at the time when the *Jacquerie* broke out, when it is as certain as any fact provable by testimony can be that the French peasantry, naturally a brave race, had lost their hardihood and could not fight, has been repeatedly described, and in many districts something like it, though less in degree, accompanied the French Revolution. The conquered races, in fact, become manly again, and gradually prepared for that stout battle with nature, with human greed, and with human perversity, through which Providence has apparently agreed that man shall be trained to a higher point. Servility ceases, cruelty is considered shameful, and a new and loftier energy is born, developing itself in all

directions. The intellect revives slowly, for, as we have said, conquest impairs originality, and the effect of foreign culture and of the tendency to use a foreign literary language, is to the last degree depressing; but character improves in great leaps. Truthfulness, no doubt, is reborn slowly, for the quality is excessively inconvenient to all who serve, and is hardly yet developed even in Europe; but it reappears, till it is once more possible, as a beginning, to base judicial decisions upon evidence. Sympathy is slow to arise, man being selfish by nature; but it does arise, especially among women, so that in the Indian Mutiny, when whole populations approved massacre, the ayahs invariably shielded their mistresses and the children. Submissiveness is replaced by a tenacity so rooted that the law courts are loaded with work, and statesmen fear to tax lest there should be insurrection; and finally, civil courage, the courage which will not yield to oppression, reappears, and often even embarrasses the government. The change is slow, like the change which adapts an animal to its surroundings; but in four or five generations it is visible to all who choose to see. The natives of India, who have been secure for a hundred years, are changing visibly, and those who know them best believe that if the Roman peace can be maintained steadily for another century, slavishness, and all that it implies, will have disappeared from among them. The five millions of Egyptians, if governed steadily for a century or two, would rise in character at least to the level of Italians, and would then differ from their former selves less than the Greeks of today differ from the Greeks whom pashas for five centuries tortured at will. Surely that gain is great, and cannot fairly be declared to be purely material.

THE COAL DEPOSITS OF ALABAMA. — The extensive deposits of coking and cannel coal in the Warrior coalfields of Alabama are beginning to attract wide attention. The opinion is ventured that this field, which is stated to be almost inexhaustible, will in the near future be a formidable competitor for the coal supply of the West, and on the seaboard will even come into serious competition with the present supply from the home fields of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland, and with the present great foreign sources of supply, England and Australia. The deposits in the

Warrior basin, it is thought, will certainly drive all other coals out of Mobile and other Gulf ports. Fifteen years ago Maryland coal was worth \$15 a ton in Mobile; now the native article is laid down at \$3.75 a ton. This means that all the shipping and all the ports farther south will hereafter be supplied with Southern coal. It is stated that the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, in connection with the Columbus division of the Georgia Pacific, are making preparations for a large coal traffic to meet all Gulf demands.

Iron.